

## POPE ALEXANDER VI. AND HIS LATEST BIOGRAPHER <sup>1</sup>

**I**T has not been an easy task to read through the five volumes, totalling more than 2,800 pages, which Mgr. Peter de Roo has devoted to the rehabilitation of the second Borgia pope. Neither is the undertaking lightened by anything very attractive or stimulating in the author's presentment of his case. There are many repetitions, many unnecessary digressions, many passages in which words and phrases are used in a sense quite unrecognized by the best literary traditions on either side of the Atlantic. No doubt it is greatly to the credit of Mgr. de Roo, who (though resident in America) is, I infer, a Belgian by birth and education,<sup>2</sup> that he should have been able to write so vast a work in a language which is not his native tongue. Moreover the book shows that he also possesses a competent acquaintance with German, Italian and Spanish; while his documentation is commendably meticulous, and, so far as I have had occasion to test it, on the whole accurate. He must have devoted to his task many years of research among the Vatican archives and elsewhere. As he tells us himself in a characteristic passage: "We continued our search after facts and proofs from country to country, and spared neither labour nor money in order to thoroughly investigate who was Alexander VI., of what he had been accused, and especially what he had done."<sup>3</sup>

Whether all this toil has been profitably expended is a matter upon which opinions are likely to differ. But we must in any case do Mgr. de Roo the justice of admitting that he has succeeded in compiling from original and often unpublished sources a much more copious record of the pontiff's creditable activities than has ever been presented to the world before. For the greater portion of the contents of Vols. III. and IV., entitled respectively "Alexander as a

<sup>1</sup> "Materials for a History of Pope Alexander VI., his Relatives and his Time," by the Right Rev. Mgr. Peter de Roo. Five volumes. Bruges: Desclée, De Brouwer et Cie; New York: Universal Knowledge Foundation. 1924. 40s. (paper), \$13 (bound).

<sup>2</sup> See the anecdote recounted on p. 421 of Vol. I., where the author refers to his school days at Bouchaute in Belgium.

<sup>3</sup> Preface to Vol. II., p. xix.

supreme pontiff," and "Alexander as a temporal prince," the student of history has every reason to be grateful, even though he may sometimes see occasion to differ from the enthusiastic encomiums with which the narrative is studded. At the same time Mgr. de Roo in this part of his work has only developed and reinforced the extenuating pleas long ago put forward by de l'Épinois, von Pastor, and even by Gregorovius. Nobody now-a-days thinks of disputing that Alexander was a man of great intelligence, an able administrator, a champion of Christendom against the Turks, a stickler for purity of doctrine, and a generous promoter of religious and charitable organizations. Nobody doubts that the stories which charge him with outrageous crime in the form of assassinations, poisonings, incest, and other horrors, were reckless or malicious calumnies for which very little serious evidence has ever been offered.

But when all this has been said, there remains the question of his moral character. And here, I must confess, it seems to me that Mgr. de Roo has been strangely blind to the enormous weight of the influences which would have tended in the past to secure a lenient verdict for the accused if such a verdict had been in any way possible. No Catholic, least of all devout ecclesiastics and religious, who wrote as responsible teachers of history, can have had any motive for seeking to bring odium upon a pope whom the Church had recognized as the authentic successor of St. Peter. Nevertheless from the days of Father Mariana down to those of Cardinal Hergenröther and Cardinal Ehrle, there has not been a single writer of high scholarly repute who has ventured to maintain that the private life of Rodrigo Borgia was free from scandal.<sup>1</sup> Under the circumstances I submit that Mgr. de Roo would have done no injury to the cause he has at heart if the tone of the preface to his first volume had been a trifle more conciliatory.

The final conclusion of our researches and studies [he says] was that Roderic de Borgia, pope Alexander VI., has been a man of good moral character and an excellent

<sup>1</sup> Let anyone examine the judgment pronounced upon Alexander VI. in standard works of reference, for example, in the "Catholic Encyclopædia," or the "Dictionnaire d'Apologétique," or the "Kirchenlexikon," or again in the best current manuals of Church History. The language used even by the most strenuous champions of the Holy See, *e.g.*, by the Oratorian Raynaldi, the continuator of Baronius, or by the early Bollandists—to make a list would fill pages—is most uncompromising.

pope. We know well that such a thesis, which we propose to prove and defend in the present work, is apt to attract upon us the summary doom of superficial writers who abuse that pontiff in order to vilify the Church. We expect that it will arouse the antagonism of some historians, generally and justly considered as learned men, but who place too much confidence in salaried reporters of the time and in hostile authors of the sixteenth century; while they neglect the most precious source of history, the all-important pontifical documents issued during the lifetime of Alexander VI. We shall attentively consider the counterproofs which our contradictors may offer, but neglect as arrogant assumptions any unwarranted strictures made by them.

At the risk of being accused of arrogant assumption, I am tempted to urge those who with little previous knowledge of the period are anxious to seek illumination from Mgr. de Roo's pages, to ask themselves a preliminary question or two. Is the propounder of this somewhat startling paradox a man of well-balanced mind or is he a crank? Is he bent honestly upon the discovery of the truth, or do we find in him the type of investigator who is quick to detect every fragment of evidence which seems to favour his thesis, but is constitutionally incapable of taking account of any fact which points the other way? I have no idea of questioning our apologist's perfect good faith, but I do question the soundness of his judgment, and where that quality is lacking it is easy to present a plausible case which on its face value seems overwhelming to the inexperienced reader. For a while, a considerable sensation may be produced by a novel manifesto of this kind. The arguments, backed by sweeping assertions, by allegations of forgery and by references to distant archives, cannot be refuted off-hand. No complete reply is to be expected until there has been time for an examination of the documents appealed to and for a comparison with other sources.<sup>1</sup> Still *en attendant* one may profitably study the mentality of our confident apologist as manifested in his own book, and one may point out how completely he has ignored a whole mass of adverse evidence which for earlier historians formed the backbone of their case.

<sup>1</sup> Illustrations very much to the point are not wanting on this side of the world. See the *Journal of Theological Studies* for October, 1922.

I would submit, then, that Mgr. de Roo gives proof of a quite deplorable lack of that sobriety of judgment which one looks for in a serious historian. For him every word of blame spoken against Rodrigo Borgia can only be attributed to prejudice and spite. That he should be severe in his strictures upon an anti-papal writer like Gregorovius is perhaps not so surprising—though even here such terms as “malignant,” “traducer,” “demented by hatred,” “Gregorovius’s evil imagination,”<sup>1</sup> etc., are surely excessive. But he is hardly more restrained in what he says of devout Catholics—of H. de l’Epinois, for example, and the Bollandist, Father Matagne. He accuses the former of “dishonesty,” and of sweeping together a “pile of dirt”;<sup>2</sup> while in the latter case he talks of the “venom” of this devout religious, who died 53 years ago at the early age of 38, and he has in another place the extraordinary bad taste to remark: “We presume that by this time he [Father Matagne] will have noticed his mistake.”<sup>3</sup> But it is upon Dr. L. von Pastor, the famous historian of the renaissance popes, that our apologist pours out all the vials of his wrath. The curious reader who may examine the last page of the fifth volume will find inserted under the *imprimatur* (dated May 8th, 1923) of the Bishop of Portland (Oregon) the following strange *amende*:—

AN IMPROVEMENT.—I would be pleased not to have written the 30th footnote on p. 4 of Vol. I. against the great author, Dr. von Pastor. P. d. R.<sup>4</sup>

If this be intended as a kind of apology it is certainly a very inadequate one, for there are at least a score of other passages which are even more open to objection than that which is here indicated. Let me call attention to a specimen or two. All are copied textually from Mgr. de Roo’s pages and refer to Dr. von Pastor.

Pastor who tries by every means to vilify Pope Alexander more than any other writer (I. 447). This proves

<sup>1</sup> See de Roo, I. 156; I. 307; II. 113; V. 226.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. V., pp. 190 and 199.

<sup>3</sup> Vol. I., pp. 137 and 445.

<sup>4</sup> The footnote runs as follows: “Pastor is of all historians the one who assailed the memory of Pope Alexander VI. in the most unjust manner and the one who took the least trouble to learn the true name of his victim.” This explosion is occasioned by the fact that Pastor in his first edition (1885) was content to follow Gregorovius in giving to the Pope’s father the name of Jofre Lanzol. But Mgr. de Roo nowhere mentions that more than thirty years ago Pastor corrected the error in his second edition (1891).



how stubborn adhesion to a false theory or blind hatred may warp a man's mind (I. 521). Pastor, to bolster up his slander, assures us (II. vii.). An odious slur . . . a slanderous statement of his (II. 140). The most vicious of all his calumnies against pope Alexander (II. 143). Not one of them makes the vile imputation, before the traducer of pope Alexander (*i.e.*, Pastor) clearly intimates, etc. (II. 143). It would have been but common honesty on the part of the historian to make already here the remark he makes further on (II. 152). The juxtaposition is specious, adroitly misleading . . . it is a puerile and yet a colossal fallacy (II. 359 and 361). Why does Pastor dishonourably mention Alexander in connection with that bull? (II. 370).

And all this violent invective is directed against a universally respected Catholic scholar who has been accused by Kawerau and other Lutheran critics of letting the incriminated pontiff down a great deal too easily. If Pastor had been the first to draw attention to Alexander's misdemeanours, such language might be more excusable, but the German historian simply echoes, and in many respects moderates, the condemnation of all previous scholars and even of Rodrigo Borgia's fellow-countrymen, from Oviedo, Zurita and Mariana in the sixteenth century down to Father Fidel Fita, S.J., in our own times.

Quite of a piece with the extravagant language just quoted is Mgr. de Roo's contention that the malice of Alexander's enemies has resorted not only to the wholesale forgery of spurious documents, but to the theft, mutilation or destruction of authentic records, even in the Vatican archives, simply to blacken his memory. All through his work he is hampered, though the less observant reader may possibly fail to perceive it, by the disconcerting fact that he cannot quote one single scrap of documentary evidence to prove that Cæsar Borgia, Lucrezia and the rest, were, as he contends, the children of Guillen Ramon Lanzol y de Borgia, a supposed nephew of the pope, and were not the children of the pope himself. There is nothing indeed to show that such a person as this Guillen Ramon ever existed.<sup>1</sup> What is the reason, we natur-

<sup>1</sup> The only authority he quotes is Imhof, "who," he says, "has made it the work of his life to look up the genealogy of the most eminent Spanish houses" (I., p. 131). The reader would inevitably infer that Imhof was a learned genealogist of the present day, but his book was printed at Leipzig in 1713. This is presumably only a specimen of Mgr. de Roo's queer English. One would be loath to charge him with deliberate *suggestio falsi*.

ally ask, for this complete dearth of information? It is due, our apologist replies (I. 133), to "the systematic suppression of records" which was the work of the slanderers of pope Alexander. But why is it that the Borgia pope should have provoked his detractors to such a frenzy of hatred? Why should Innocent VIII. and Julius II. and Leo X. have escaped comparatively free, and all the rancour of posterity have been concentrated on Alexander? Mgr. de Roo supplies no explanation. On the contrary his highly laudatory estimate of the pontiff's kindliness, generosity, good government and popularity, only deepens the mystery. He tells us of Pope Alexander's "inborn love for the masses of the people, who gave him, in return, their unfaltering loyalty and affection from the beginning of his cardinalate to the end of his life."<sup>1</sup> But if this is true, it is difficult to understand why the pope's enemies should have had it all their own way. Why should no friends have come forward to refute calumnies and explain the true parentage of the Borgia children? Why should his foes have pursued him beyond the grave with such relentless malice, not stopping short even of forgery and the mutilation of records? When Cæsar was killed in March, 1507, less than four years after the death of Alexander, the Borgias, so far as practical politics in Italy were concerned, ceased to be anything more than a name, and yet, according to Mgr. de Roo the campaign of slander against this great and good pope went on all through the century and swept everything before it, without a voice being raised in his behalf. All this is utterly inexplicable.

I am, therefore, incredulous when it is asserted that Alexander's innocence has never been fully vindicated because the "original documents," which would establish the lawful birth of his so-called nephews, "have been systematically tampered with, or eliminated."<sup>2</sup> There is not a shadow of evidence to support such an improbable statement. When our apologist by way of proof informs us that "folios 218 to 270 of the Vatican Register 880 are missing or torn away,"<sup>3</sup> it is to my thinking much more likely that if the register was purposely mutilated, it was mutilated to obliterate the record

<sup>1</sup> Vol. IV., Pref. p. viii. No evidence is adduced in support of this and similar statements.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. I., p. 160. So again we are told (p. 141): "The systematic denigration of Alexander has required not only the forgery of false documents, but also the suppression of authentic names and information."

<sup>3</sup> Vol. I., p. 130, n. 48.

of papal scandals rather than to substantiate the calumnies of the pope's enemies.

As for Mgr. de Roo's allegations of forgery, which occupy much space in his book and which are most likely to impress the unsophisticated reader, it is quite possible that some spurious documents may have found their way into a private collection like the Osuna archives. There was, no doubt, a good deal of forgery going on both in Spain and in Italy during the sixteenth century, and the fabricators, for purely mercenary motives, were likely to produce the stuff, with a spice of scandal in it, which they thought they could best find a market for. But Mgr. de Roo, by the violence of his *parti pris*, has proved himself the very last man to whose decision one would appeal in the case of a disputed parchment. It is so easy to represent an error in date, a departure from normal forms, a miswritten name, etc., as vital flaws, whereas the expert in the diplomatics of the period would judge very differently.<sup>1</sup> The case against Pope Alexander in no way depends upon the authenticity of such documents as those in the Osuna records. All the same, when two trusted experts of the Spanish Academy of History produce a document from the State Archives assuring us that it is an authentic royal privilege of legitimation for Caesar Borgia, which, of course, proves that he was not born in wedlock, I am content, in spite of our critic's protest, to accept the verdict of native scholars who have no possible motive for affirming or denying its authenticity, rather than that of a foreigner who has never seen the original.<sup>2</sup>

I can only touch briefly upon another obsession which equally shows Mgr. de Roo to be lacking in that balance of mind which is necessary for any critical inquiry. His readers will note that over and over again in his pages it is assumed that to be known as the illegitimate child of a cardinal or

<sup>1</sup> It must be borne in mind that such documents as the Borgia legitimations, etc., were peculiarly liable, even when perfectly authentic, to be executed in somewhat irregular ways. Cardinal Rodrigo may have had good reasons for not wishing them to be drafted by the permanent officials and registered in the ordinary course. It is quite incorrect to say, as de Roo contends (I. 449), that "no authentic paper ever went forth from the Roman Curia before being duly copied in its official register." This is merely one of his sweeping generalizations, which such authorities as Bresslau and Giry nowhere endorse. Moreover, if it were possible, as de Roo maintains, for the enemies of Alexander to tamper with the papal registers, it was a thousand times easier for Rodrigo himself, as vice-Chancellor and Pope, to tamper with them for his own purposes.

<sup>2</sup> The Legitimation, issued by King Ferdinand in 1481, is printed in the "Boletín de la Real Academia de la Historia," Vol. IX., pp. 421-426. Cf. de Roo, I. 481-483.

prelate—"a sacrilegious bastard," "the bastard of a sacrilegious clergyman" is his way of putting it<sup>1</sup>—would have meant irreparable disgrace. This is an appeal to the sentiment of the twentieth century; but, as all students of the diaries of the renaissance period will be aware, it quite misrepresents the public opinion of Alexander's day. Nevertheless our apologist repeatedly uses it as an argument for rejecting the plain meaning of endless inconvenient statements. Lucrezia, he says, could not really be the Pope's daughter, or Duke Ercole of Ferrara would never have allowed his son to marry a bastard so begotten? Vanozza could never have been the Pope's mistress, or it would have been impossible for Leo X. to send his chamberlains to represent him officially at the funeral of "the vile accomplice of a sinful pope."<sup>2</sup> These, however, were not the ideas of the age of the Borgias. When Lucrezia, then Duchess of Ferrara, gave birth in 1508 to a son and heir, Ercole Strozzi, the court poet, apostrophized the infant in verse and bade him remember proudly that Pope Alexander was his grandfather.<sup>3</sup> One of the most earnest and sane of the pope's apologists, in recent times, Señor J. Sanchis y Sivera, who, by the way, is strangely ignored by Mgr. de Roo, adopts a very different line of defence from that of his Belgian rival. His remarks are worthy of all attention.

Not less exaggerated [he writes] are the charges of immorality which have been brought against Rodrigo de Borgia. The accusation, in itself more or less true, was an obvious weapon for those who wanted to cast a slur upon him, for he lived in a state of society in which illegitimate children were not held in less consideration than legitimate offspring. "In these days of ours," wrote Æneas Silvius (Pope Pius II.), "Italy is governed by people born out of wedlock." At the courts of Ferrara, Florence, Siena and Mantua, laxity of morals reached its highest pitch. . . . That he [Pope Alexander] begat children as a cardinal, though not yet ordained priest,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See I. 138, 153, 168, etc.

<sup>2</sup> I. 156—158.

<sup>3</sup> See Ed. Gardner, "Dukes and Poets in Ferrara," p. 516.

Et magnis stimulet te Cæsar avunculus actis,  
Grandeque Alexander sit tibi calcar avus.

<sup>4</sup> This unfortunately cannot be maintained. Rodrigo had been consecrated bishop before the end of 1471, and several of his children were born after that date.

is a shameful and scandalous thing, still if we consider his transgression in the light of the conditions of the time, when owing to the depravation of morals it entailed no discredit, this must extenuate his culpability in the eyes of the critical historian, and there is no reason on that account to hold him guilty of all the vices and excesses of the epoch.<sup>1</sup>

If this contention be true—and it is borne out by all contemporary literature—the foundations of one of our apologist's main lines of argument must be utterly unsound.

It is, however, only the reader who courageously perseveres as far as the middle of Mgr. de Roo's fifth volume who will discover the full measure of the author's infatuation for his hero. Alexander VI. is indeed presented throughout as "a good man and a great pontiff," and also as "the only true Italian patriot," and we hear of his "exemplary life" and of his "glorious election"<sup>2</sup> to the See of St. Peter. But as he nears the end of his task Mgr. de Roo really surpasses himself. He tells us that Alexander "was a model of devout Christians, unostentatiously but profoundly pious," that "his whole life must have been one of exemplary *purity*" (I venture to italicize the word), that "nothing could prevent the pontiff from saying Holy Mass every day or at least assisting at it," and that since he kept "the consecrated Host in a precious golden pyx in his apartment or on his person, he was actually walking with God."<sup>3</sup> It is impossible, for lack of space, to indicate here one fiftieth part of the evidence which might be quoted to demonstrate the extravagance of this language. Unfortunately no reference is supplied for these statements except to "Burchard's *Diarium* passim"; still even Burchard will carry us a good long way.

This famous ecclesiastic, who was raised to the episcopate by Julius II., was Alexander's master of ceremonies, and is treated by Mgr. de Roo as a primary authority because he has written "the most complete history of his reign."<sup>4</sup> All that the diarist says which is creditable to the Borgias is extracted and insisted on, but whenever any damaging statement of Burchard's is appealed to, Mgr. de Roo at once re-

<sup>1</sup> J. Sanchis y Sivera: "Algunos Documentos y Cartas privadas que pertenecieron al segundo duque de Gandia (Valencia, 1919, p. 11).

<sup>2</sup> See Vol. II., p. 369.

<sup>3</sup> All these phrases will be found textually in Vol. V., pp. 261-265.

<sup>4</sup> De Roo, Preface to Vol. II., p. xv., and cf. Vol. V., pp. 306-11, where he says, for example, that "Burchard never tells a wilful untruth."

plies that the passage is an interpolation and that Thuasne's text is quite unreliable. Thuasne's edition, as E. Stevenson and Cardinal Ehrle long ago pointed out, is certainly deplorably inaccurate; but could any one imagine that for more than twelve years past the whole of Burchard's Diary has been accessible in a critical text, sumptuously printed and edited under the auspices of the most distinguished representatives of Italian scholarship?<sup>1</sup> Mgr. de Roo has never taken the trouble to consult it, and in one sense wisely, for nearly all the passages which he indignantly protests against as "the interpolations of later lascivious forgers"<sup>2</sup> are retained by Celani as belonging to the original. I will not dwell upon the absolutely unprintable description of how Pope Alexander spent the night between All Saints' day and November 2nd, 1501, but it will be sufficient to call attention to Burchard's statement, that the pontiff bestowed a moiety of the confiscated Colonna property upon "his son whom he had had by a certain Roman lady since he became pope,"<sup>3</sup> and to another entry in the diary belonging to a much earlier period of the same pontificate. Here, under date June 12th, 1493, Burchard gives an account of the marriage of Lucrezia Borgia (described here and always as "the Pope's daughter") with Giovanni Sforza, Lord of Pesaro. Lucrezia's principal lady-in-waiting on this occasion was Donna Baptistina, but immediately after Donna Baptistina there followed in the procession "Donna Giulia de Farnese, the pope's concubine."<sup>4</sup> Mgr. de Roo, coming across this phrase in Thuasne's edition of Burchard, of course denounces it as a malicious interpolation from Infessura. But it appears in the more recently edited critical text, and, what is more, the editor in this place had before him the Vatican MS. 5632, of which he says: "If it is not in Burchard's own handwriting, it was nevertheless evidently copied under his supervision."<sup>5</sup> Still further, we may note that on the feast of Corpus Christi, six days earlier, there had been a procession of the Blessed Sacrament. The weather was threatening and some of the car-

<sup>1</sup> "Johannis Burckardi Liber Notarum," Ed. E. Celani, in the series of "Rerum Italicarum Scriptores," 1906-1912.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. V., p. 311.

<sup>3</sup> "Filius suum quem in pontificatu habuit cum quadam Romana"; Burckard (Ed. Celani) II., p. 305.

<sup>4</sup> "Hanc sequebatur d. Julia de Farnesio, concubina pape." "Burckardi Liber Notarum" (Ed. Celani), Vol. I., pp. 443-444.

<sup>5</sup> "Il MS. 5632, se non è di mano del Burckard, fu però evidentemente copiato sotto la sua sorveglianza." Prefazione, p. xviii.



dinals wanted the route curtailed; but the pope would not have it, Burchard records, because he was anxious that the Spanish ambassador should see it, and also "on account of his Lady Giulia and Lucrezia his daughter."<sup>1</sup> In view of such incidents as these, who can possibly accept Mgr. de Roo's contention that when Burchard systematically describes Cæsar, Jofre and the others as the "sons of the Pope," he means only that they were his sons by a kind of informal adoption, and that he knew quite well that they were really grand-nephews.

So much for Alexander's "life of exemplary purity"; but before we quite take leave of Burchard, I should like in connection with the statement that "nothing could prevent the pontiff from saying Holy Mass every day" to call attention to another passage in his master-of-ceremonies' diary. The feast of SS. Peter and Paul was one of the great festivals of the year in Rome, when it was the custom for the pope himself to sing pontifical High Mass. Burchard records, under June 28th, 1499, that the solemn vespers on the eve took place without the pope being present, because "he pretended to be ill in order that he might not have to celebrate the next day."<sup>2</sup> Moreover the same thing had occurred in the preceding year, "the pope not being present and pretending to be ill." I do not attempt to carry the matter further, though it might easily be carried further, but I leave these two entries to speak for themselves.

Mgr. de Roo is very indignant at the accounts which have been given of the festivities which took place at the Vatican in connection with the marriages of Lucrezia and on other occasions. He seems to regard them all as malicious inventions or at any rate exaggerations,<sup>3</sup> prompted, of course, by spite against Alexander. He declares that "when such little entertainments took place they lasted only till eight or nine o'clock in the evening," and he insinuates that the ladies danced only with each other.<sup>4</sup> It is a great pity that our apologist has not taken a little more pains to acquaint himself with the recent literature of his subject. In 1916 the Marquis de Laurencin, the "director" of the Real Academia de

<sup>1</sup> Burckard (Celani) I., p. 440, "et propter dominam Juliam suam et Lucretiam filiam." This passage also is guaranteed by the Vatican MS. 5632.

<sup>2</sup> "Se finxit infirmum ne crastina die celebraret" Burckard (Celani) II., 153; cf. II. 114.

<sup>3</sup> See de Roo, I. 315-316, 325-327; V. 200-206.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* V. 204.

la Historia, published a most interesting account of Lucrezia's nuptials with the Duke of Biseglia written by Doña Sancha de Aragon, the sister of the bridegroom. I have no space to enter into details, but these points are clear: first, that Cardinal Cæsar Borgia, then in deacon's orders and known as the Cardinal de Valencia, took the leading part in the burlesque dances dressed up as a unicorn (!), that gentlemen and ladies danced together, and that the Cardinal, for example, danced with Sancha herself; second, that the revels went on all through the night, and that His Holiness, in particular, "remained looking on at the dancing until the day began to break" (*de aquella manera estuvo su Santidad viendo danzar hasta que amaneció*); third, that then there was another sumptuous meal, after which the party broke up—it was now Monday morning—and spent the day in bed; fourth, that on the Tuesday afternoon similar revels began at the Belvedere, the pope again being present, and again remaining till dawn; fifth, that on the following Sunday there was a great bull-fight in which the Cardinal de Valencia as toreador killed seven bulls with his own hand.<sup>1</sup> One cannot help wondering whether it is correct that even under these circumstances "nothing could prevent the pontiff from saying Holy Mass every day." The truth is, I fear, that Mgr. de Roo is apt to make sweeping statements upon very slender grounds, holding apparently that the strength of his subjective conviction dispenses him from the need of objective inquiry. Two particular examples of this cannot be passed over without a few words.

Our apologist is persuaded that the evil reputation of Alexander is mainly due to the Spanish historian Father Mariana, S.J., who gave credit to an infamous libel which named Vanozza as Rodrigo's mistress, and then himself propagated the story in his history. "John Mariana," we are told, "born a century after Vanozza and always far away from Rome, gratuitously asserts, and Raynaldi, with several other historians, repeats upon his authority that she was the mistress of Alexander when a Cardinal."<sup>2</sup> Mariana, Mgr. de

<sup>1</sup> De Laurencin: "Relacion de los Festines que se celebraron en el Vaticano con motivo de las Bodas de Lucrecia Borgia con Don Alonso de Aragón A.D. 1498." The editor proves abundantly that no doubt can be entertained of the authenticity of this narrative.

<sup>2</sup> See de Roo, I. 138, and *cf.* II. Pref. p. v. and p. 56; and Vol. V., p. 189. I have found no evidence to suggest that Mariana ever saw the libel, much less copied it.

Roo suggests, could not know anything about the matter because he always lived far away from Rome. If our author had consulted a biographical dictionary he would have found that Mariana was for four years studying and lecturing in Rome itself (1561-1565). But there is a great deal more to be said than this. Several letters are now in print<sup>1</sup> addressed to Mariana by St. Francis Borgia, who before that Father left Italy had become General of the Order and consequently Mariana's superior. Most important of all, there is overwhelming evidence that it was a matter of common knowledge among the leading Jesuits in Rome that St. Francis Borgia was the great-grandson of Pope Alexander. No less than three letters in St. Ignatius' correspondence refer to this matter, in one of which Polanco, writing in the Saint's name and as his secretary, calls Alexander VI. the *proavus* of Francis Borgia,<sup>2</sup> i.e., his great-grandfather, as beyond doubt he actually was. In entire accord with this are two papal documents, emanating respectively from Paul III. in 1547 and from Pius IV. in 1561, which not only describe St. Francis Borgia as the great-grandson (*abnepotem*) of Alexander, but deal with the property of a certain Giovanni Borgia, then recently dead, who is expressly named as "the offspring of the same Alexander VI., our predecessor, by an unmarried woman."<sup>3</sup> The authenticity of the two briefs is placed beyond a doubt by a whole mass of contemporary correspondence occasioned by the concessions contained in them. These briefs, which brought about a proposal for erecting a monument to Alexander VI. and some other members of the Borgia family in the Gesù, were being keenly discussed in the Jesuit Curia at the very time when Mariana was in Rome. There cannot be a doubt that he derived his unfavourable opinion of the pope's moral character from this source and not from any anonymous lampoon.

Hardly less rash and unfounded is another categorical statement of Mgr. de Roo to the effect that "beside the

<sup>1</sup> "Monumenta Historica Soc. Jesu, Borgia," Vols. IV. and V. (1910). It is noteworthy that Mariana in his History expressly refers to St. Francis Borgia as the great-grandson of Alexander VI. All these facts are admitted without hesitation by Père Suau, S.J., in his "Histoire de S. François de Borgia," pp. 18-19, and by Astrain in his "Historia de la Compania de Jesús," Vol. I., p. 280.

<sup>2</sup> Monumenta Hist. Soc. Jesu, Ignatii Epistolae, Vol. III., pp. 261; cf. pp. 253, 255.

<sup>3</sup> "Monumenta Historica Soc. Jesu, Borgia," Vol. I., pp. 655 and 661; "quidam Joannes de Borgia ex fe. rec. Alexandro Papa VI. prædecessore nostro, Romæ, genitus et soluta."

misleading diarist (Infessura), there is not a single historian of that time who asserts that the pope was the real father of the Borgia children."<sup>1</sup> It would be easy, I believe, to find a dozen convincing examples to the contrary. I will quote two and for brevity's sake give references to two others in a footnote. Rafael Maffei, known as Volterranus, a man of the highest character and continually resident in Rome, who published his *Commentarii Urbani* in 1506—I have consulted that edition—declares that pope "Alexander had nothing more at heart than to advance his illegitimate children (*suos nothos*) to high positions," and then goes on to specify in detail what he had done for Lucrezia, Jofre, Cæsar and Juan.<sup>2</sup> Not less explicit is Allegretto Allegretti of Siena who in his diary, under date June 9th, 1493, mentions Lucrezia as the Pope's bastard daughter (*una sua figliula bastarda*),<sup>3</sup> whose marriage with Giovanni Sforza was then being much discussed.<sup>4</sup> Finally I will permit myself a brief quotation from a little book I have before me, which, though printed at Venice in 1507, four years after Alexander's death, sums up his character quite dispassionately and passes judgment upon him in terms which might have been extracted from von Pastor's appreciation in our own day.

He was a pontiff whose splendid qualities were matched by equally great vices. There was nothing small about him (*fu magnanimo*). He was intelligent, eloquent, tactful in adapting himself to the character of everyone he met, most energetic in matters of business, and, though he had never given much time to literary pursuits, it was clear that he set no small store upon learning. He was always so punctual in paying his soldiers that, whatever happened, he was able to count upon a willing and most loyal army. All these virtues, nevertheless, were neutralized by vices which need not be mentioned here and by his overmastering desire to secure a great position for his bastard children (*con il soverchio desiderio di fare esuoi figliuoli bastardi grandi*).<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> De Roo, Vol. I., p. 419.

<sup>2</sup> Rafael Volterranus, "Commentarii Urbani, Rome, 1506, fol. 317 recto.

<sup>3</sup> Muratori, "Rerum Italicarum Scriptores," xxiii., 827.

<sup>4</sup> See also many passages in the "Diarii di Girolamo Priuli," recently edited by A. Segre, e.g., Vol. I., pp. 67 and 236; further the diary of Sebastiano de Branca Tedallini, edited by P. Piccolomini in 1904, has an entry (p. 287) in January, 1494, about the Pope and Jofre, "uno figlio suo bastardo."

<sup>5</sup> "Chronica delle Vite de Pontefici et Imperatori romani," by Petrarch and others (Venice, 1507, fol. 88, verso).

There is a homely French saying: *on perd son savon à dé-crasser un nègre*, if you try to scour a negro you will only waste your soap. Without, I trust, being blind to the many good and even admirable qualities of which Rodrigo Borgia was possessed, I cannot persuade myself that the Church historians of four centuries have been wrong in their insistence upon the evil example of his private life. It is to be feared that Mgr. de Roo, by his attempted rehabilitation, has not only wasted a good deal of his own time, but is also likely to waste the time of such as may read his book in the hope of discovering that the scandals of the Borgian pontificate are merely an ugly dream.

HERBERT THURSTON.

NOTE.—In view of the rather uncompromising attitude of the above article it seems desirable to emphasize the fact that long before any document from the Osuna archives was made public, the verdict of Church historians regarding the scandal of Alexander's private life was practically unanimous. Take, for example, the History of the Popes (*Storia de' Sommi Pontefici*) by J. de Novaes, a work written, as the title-page states, "for the use of studious youth," which was dedicated to Pope Pius VII. and printed in Rome "Con lic. de Sup. e Privativa Pontificia." The author denounces Alexander's "sfrenata dissolutezza" in the severest terms (see Vol. VI., pp. 117—120, 3rd edition, 1822). Equally outspoken is the judgment of F. A. Becchetti, O.P., in his "Istoria degli ultimi quattro secoli della Chiesa," also published in Rome itself in 1792, with a multiplicity of official commendations. Lastly, to take an example in our own language, I might appeal to the "Manual of Church History," by Dr. T. Gil-martin, then (1892) Professor at Maynooth and now Archbishop of Tuam (see Vol. I., pp. 365-6, and 369-70).

H.T.

## TO THE RESCUE OF HISTORY

**A**T the present time history is at least a hundred years behind the experimental sciences.

In an age of great intellectual activity, such a phenomenon is by no means unique. Thus, in the thirteenth century, the medical sciences were far more advanced, relatively, than the science of pure mathematics. The accumulated labours of twenty centuries have done little more for plane geometry than Euclid and his colleagues did in a couple of generations. In the seventeenth century Newton and Leibnitz carried the mathematical sciences to such heights, that the "mathematical mind" has become as representative of our own age as was the "scholastic mind" in the later Middle Ages. Livy, Tacitus, Suetonius and St. Luke form a great landmark in the development of the historical sciences; they were all greater men, as historians, than were Pliny and Lucretius, as naturalists.

Here, however, the parallel breaks down. For during the past three centuries there has been no lethargic neglect of the study of history. On the contrary the bulk of published historical writing has been enormous. Bayle, Gibbon, Voltaire, Milman, Hallam, Lingard, Freeman, Froude, Lecky, Macaulay, Motley, Llorente, Lea, Mosheim,—one could prolong the list almost indefinitely,—men of great learning and industry, form a gathering of historians which, in numbers alone, no previous age has surpassed. How, then, comes about the undeniable fact that, at the present time, history is by far the most backward of the sciences?

The truth is that, since the beginning of the seventeenth century, history, as written in English-speaking countries, has been so warped and vitiated by violent religious prejudice and the spirit of reaction against the central traditions of Europe, that it had ultimately become, in the forcible words of De Maistre, a "conspiracy against the truth,"—an opinion which was echoed *verbatim* by the editors of the "Cambridge Modern History." Almost every scrap of historical writing during the period had reflected the hatred of the writer for every institution, habit, practice and belief connected, however remotely, with the Catholic Church. But even this was not enough. For, in order to reconcile the



gratification of this savage bias with the obvious necessity of making the story of European civilization connected and even moderately coherent, it was necessary literally to falsify the history of an entire millennium.

The gradual collapse of the imperial power of Rome, the great internal revolution of the fifth and sixth centuries and the firm assumption by the Church of the work of reconstruction were represented as the triumph over an effete and degenerate civilization of swarms of healthy, vigorous, clean-living barbarians, who wiped out every trace of the old order.

"Institutions which we now know to be of Roman origin were piously referred to these starved heaths of the Baltic and to the central European wilds. Their inhabitants were endowed with every good quality. Whatever we were proud of in our own inheritance was referred to the blank savagery of outer lands at no matter what expense of tortured hypothesis or bold invention."<sup>1</sup>

It was then sought to show how these great races, held down and enslaved by that bloated ghost of the Empire, the Catholic Church, groaned in poverty and serfdom for many centuries, until at last they burst their bonds and, with the coming of the Reformation, swept forward into the full freedom and enlightenment of the modern age. The entire civilization of the Middle Ages was ignored. Isolated and exceptional incidents were laboriously dug from mediæval chronicles, elaborated, enlarged and represented as typical of the whole stream of mediæval life. Whole realms of unimpeachable evidence were resolutely set on one side. The literature of the period was treated with contemptuous amusement, and declared unworthy of the serious attention of anybody. The actions and pronouncements of sovereigns, and more particularly of Popes and bishops, were boldly lifted from their context, treated with a wilful disregard of critical judgment and presented in so distorted a light, that the interpretation put upon them was often the exact contrary of the true one. Everything that could encourage in the reader a contempt for mediæval civilization and a hatred of its guiding principle, the Catholic Church, was exploited with a lack of scruple that would have been remarkable in

<sup>1</sup> Hilaire Belloc, Introduction to "The Inquisition," by Hoffmann Nickerson. Mr. Belloc's own challenging book "Europe and the Faith" has done much, and will do more, to break up the old anti-Catholic tradition in historical writing.

a professional pamphleteer, but which, in writers of history, literally took one's breath away. The entire description of the period was warped beyond recognition.

The full magnitude and the consummate audacity of this gigantic hoax have not even yet become apparent.<sup>1</sup> In the whole history of opinions no single parallel can be found to it.

One often wonders [says Dr. Foliquo],<sup>2</sup> what these mediæval centuries are thought to have been. Perhaps a period of continuous gloom, through which timid individuals groped senselessly and were attacked at each turning by ferocious giants, ready for every violence, murder, destruction and rape; as if one imagined that the moderns owed it to the very darkness of the Middle Ages that anything of the Roman heritage had reached them, because it passed unnoticed by the invaders and thus escaped being ravished or burnt.

Anyone who has any acquaintance with the work of eighteenth and nineteenth century historians, knows that this is scarcely an exaggeration of the picture they present. Yet for years it has passed unquestioned; for years it has been accepted as serious history. History, as Henry Adams said, had lost even the sense of shame.

We will give six brief examples.

Durny's "History of the Middle Ages" is still widely regarded as a standard work. In the course of a very hurried re-reading of the book recently we noted the following points. Doubtless they are typical of others.

1) Speaking of St. Gregory the Great's project to send missionaries to England, he observes that "England was still pagan throughout." As it stands the statement is an extremely rash and improbable one. But it contains the utterly false implication that England had never been anything but pagan, and hence, that England had never formed an integral part of the later imperial system. St. Alban, the first English martyr, was put to death during the persecution under Diocletian. British bishops were present at the Synod of Arles in 314. Gildas, the English monk, wrote during the fifth century, after the imperial auxiliaries had been with-

<sup>1</sup> The hoax is, of course, perpetuated in H. G. Wells' "Outline of History." Mr. Wells is not an historian but he has absorbed and reproduced the typical literary vices of a whole army of historical writers.

<sup>2</sup> Essay in "The Legacy of Rome" (Oxford University Press).

drawn. The error could only have been committed by one who had never read Bede's History,—that is, who had never read the most obvious authority of all on the subject.

2) As the year 1000 approached, we are told in the same work, all building and agriculture ceased, and the public works fell into total neglect; for everybody was convinced that the end of the world was at hand. Here the purpose of the thing is more blatant. One is meant to infer the pathetic ignorance of the masses, crushed and corrupted by the stifling authority of the Church, and terrorized by the contemptible superstitions that she inculcated. It is sufficient to note that there is not a single trace of this fancy in all the surviving literature of the period, nor is there any indication that building and agriculture ceased. Further, it was by no means the general practice to reckon the years from the time of our Lord's birth, so that the year 1000 would have had no special significance whatever. Here again, the historian has simply copied the error from another source and has not taken the trouble to consult contemporary documents.

3) He gives credence to the old falsehood that Pope Sylvester gave William the Conqueror a bull, sanctioning the invasion of England. Presumably he copied it from Freeman.

4) In noting the rise of the Albigensian heresy in Languedoc, he says that Innocent III. began his campaign by instituting the Inquisition; and his editor contradicts the palpable misstatement in a footnote. In this case, also, there are only two alternatives; the mistake is the result either of blind, regardless prejudice or of gross ignorance. From the time that Innocent sent the first legates to investigate the conditions to the time when he gave official sanction to St. Dominic's mission, which was ultimately to develop into the Inquisition, was a matter of about nine years.

5) Once more, Durny dismisses in two lines the one event which makes the fourteenth century intelligible, therein surpassed in carelessness only by Gibbon, who does not mention it. That event is, of course, the Black Death. It is as though one were to write a life of Napoleon without mentioning the battle of Waterloo. But, pressing the comparison a little further, there is no need to mention Waterloo if you do not mention Austerlitz, Marengo and Jena; you can simply, as the nineteenth century historians did with the Middle Ages, leap at a bound from Corsica to St. Helena.

6) Our last example, which we transcribe from Dr. Walsh's well-informed book, "The Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries," is taken from Compayré's "History of Pedagogy," still regarded as a serious classic on the subject. It is found in the middle of a long harangue on the "Intellectual Feebleness of the Middle Ages."

"In 1291," it is said, "of all the monks in the Convent of St. Gall, there was not one who could read or write."<sup>1</sup>

Here you have an example of the taking of an exceptional fact, misinterpreting it, suppressing essential points and magnifying the thing into a typical feature of the educational conditions of the period. It had become the custom for the Monastery of St. Gall to receive and care for the veteran soldiers of the Emperor's armies, who lived in the monastery, conformed to the monastic rule and wore the monastic habit. The practice had developed to such an extent that, by the end of the thirteenth century, St. Gall was little more than a home for old soldiers, amongst whom it was hardly surprising to find only one who could read or write.

In the year 1291 [says Dr. Walsh in summary], when M. Compayré says that there was but a single monk in the Monastery of St. Gall, who could read or write, he, a professor himself at a French Norman school, must have known very well that there were over 20,000 students at the University of Paris, almost as many at the University of Bologna, and over 5,000 . . . at the University of Oxford. He must have known, too, or be hopelessly ignorant in educational matters, that many of the students at these Universities belonged to the Franciscans and Dominicans, and that indeed many of the greatest teachers at the Universities were members of the monastic orders. Of this he says nothing. . . . This is one way of writing a history of education. It is a very effective way of poisoning the wells of information and securing the persistence of the tradition that there was no education until after the beginning of the sixteenth century.

This condition of affairs endured, with scarcely a single mitigating example, well into the latter half of the nineteenth century. To hint at the truth about the "fall" of Rome or

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Walsh notes that this is a mistranslation of M. Compayré's actual words. He actually said, "There was only a single monk who could read or write." The point is trifling; but it is a striking commentary on the spirit in which the book was translated into English.

the achievements of the Middle Ages was to find oneself involved in angry controversy. To suggest that any of the Popes between St. Gregory the Great and Clement VII. were other than vicious, unscrupulous bigots was, *ipso facto* to label oneself an obscurantist. A popular witticism described the period from 500—1500 as "a thousand years without a bath," quite regardless, ignorant or wilfully oblivious of such facts as that in the Paris census under Philip-Augustus are recorded the names of twenty-six proprietors of hot-baths for general use, and that the general standard of cleanliness in the mediæval hospitals and monasteries was far higher than anything known in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

By the end of the nineteenth century, however, the reaction towards the truth had started. When Creighton published his history of the Papacy and when Acton was planning the "Cambridge Modern History," the corner had definitely been turned. History was emerging from its Dark Ages and once more taking its place amongst the sciences. But the legacy of these Dark Ages still endures. Constructive historical study of the mediæval period is, even yet, almost out of the question.

"Almost all the historical work worth doing at the present moment in the English language," says Mr. Belloc with truth, "is the work of shovelling off heaps of rubbish inherited from the immediate past."

Certainly all the historical work of the twentieth century, which is likely to be of permanent value,—and there is a great deal of it,—has been vigorously challenged and, at one time or another, has been the storm-centre of heated discussion or the subject of tolerant amusement. Indeed, thanks to Gibbon and his vast following, pre-Reformation history is still supposed by most people to be connected in some vague way with religious controversy. The reason of this is simply that the historians of this school made their history entirely subservient to religious prejudice. There was no lack of knowledge,—merely a bland refusal to take upon oneself that most obvious duty of the historian,—of making the past comprehensible. Nobody has ever questioned the laborious industry of Lea's monumental work on the Inquisition. But no truth-seeking student can fail to be exasperated by the utter lack of sympathy and imagination, the steadfast refusal on the part of the writer to throw himself into the spirit of his

period and the persistent determination to ridicule and sneer at everything, in which those ages differed from his own. The most palpably fabulous legend, which may yet indicate a belief, is of more historical value than a whole library of books written on such lines.

The clouds are breaking, but in the meantime the situation is sufficiently difficult and distressing. Historical writing on the pre-Reformation period has taken on a note of asperity, which, though deplorable, is quite unavoidable. As yet there is no foundation to build upon, and practically no common ground of agreement. The work is still mainly destructive. History, by describing and re-animating the past, throws light on the present, and it is inevitable that conclusions should be drawn from the comparison. This is no concern of the historian. He has no case to prove, no axe to grind. He seeks only to know the truth. The intrusion of anything extraneous to this main issue can only cramp and hamper him. The Catholic historian, above all, should keep in mind the notable words of Pope Leo XIII. when he threw open to investigation the Vatican archives, "The Church has nothing to fear from the Truth."

A. L. MAYCOCK.



## IDYLLS OF CAPE COD

(JOSEPH CROSBY LINCOLN, AND CAPE COD,  
MASSACHUSETTS)

NOTHING perhaps makes an English man or woman feel more strange living in an English-speaking country that is not England, than to haunt the book-stalls (as may be their bookish wont) at the big railway terminals in New York, Boston, or elsewhere. These irresistibly attractive "stores" are laid out everywhere so much like the best of the ubiquitous "W. H. Smith's" at home that there is some baffling quality, like the strangeness that will haunt a dream, to find them peopled by a host of names for the most part unfamiliar, bright with an array of "jackets" that have no associations, stocked with rows of volumes issuing from a score or more of publishing firms whose imprints—unless of transatlantic usage—convey little to the average newcomer. Well versed as the English reading public may be in modern American letters, there is little doubt but that the sort of individual who takes *The Bookman* at home, and likes to know from month to month what is doing in the literary world, would here come across a familiar name (under some oddly unfamiliar title) much as one suddenly catches sight of a friend's face in a crowd. They are here, of course, the American authors and the American books we know, but there is a great assemblage of writers we have never heard of, and of volumes among which we have no guide.

Then there are the libraries, the great civic libraries in the State capitals, where the bookworm, the student, the research worker feels instantly as much at home as on his native heath at Bloomsbury,—and the little village libraries scattered all up and down the New England States. Few English villages have anything to compare with them. Sometimes these have a building speciality appropriated to them, beautifully designed and finished; sometimes they are housed over the hardware store, the post office or elsewhere. And in all of these the American novel, naturally, predominates, although local history is invariably well represented and such English classics as "Jane Eyre" and "David Copperfield" are always to be found. Here, then, is the stranger's opportunity

to sample the everyday stuff of the bookstalls, to get a nodding acquaintance not with the American "literature" rather portentously reviewed in responsible English journalism, nor even with the "best stories" conscientiously selected to represent current American fiction—but indeed with the great bulk of the "stuff" the everyday citizen cares to read, and which is found on his bookshelves "to home."

One may make immense discoveries. . . .

An immediate and enthusiastic consequence is to wonder why such and such a man, or such and such books are not known at home—widely known, and to feel, perhaps, how much good they would do in an atmosphere of post-war depression and anxiety.

Under the letter L, to take an outstanding instance, comes the name Lincoln, Joseph Crosby Lincoln, represented on the shelves by more than twenty of those stories everywhere displayed on American bookstalls and in American bookstores. It is only when one has taken down a Lincoln, tentatively added it to the little heap of volumes selected with the haphazard that seldom fails a booklover, borne it home, and read it in convulsions and one sitting, that a great light dawns upon one.

Heaven and the Immigration authorities alone know why people come to America in the hordes that have necessitated the Quota Law. If for no other reason it would be worth while to come to "get acquainted" with Joseph Crosby Lincoln. America knows him from seaboard to seaboard. He ranks among the most popular, the best appreciated, and the widest read story writers in this country at the present day. His tales are sought for by magazine editors years before they are written, and when published in book form run into the numbers of editions associated only with "best sellers."

All this is enough, of course, to prejudice a discerning taste against an unknown writer. A wide popularity, unless such a popularity as that of Dickens, is so seldom the real criterion of excellence. Especially, moreover, when the author is branded as a humorist!

It has been said that one might browse among the books in the little libraries to sample the output of good American writing which may not necessarily attain to the level of literature. The bulk of Lincoln's work is an exception. The literary quality of his half dozen or more best books is of a

high order, and tempts to an appreciation quite irrespective of the immediate or obvious things—the humour, the interest, the story, the local colour,—which seem to the present writer to account sufficiently for the popular and the journalistic estimate of J. C. Lincoln in his own country. There is something more than all this in such books as "Shavings," "Galusha the Magnificent" and "Dr. Nye of North Ostable." There is a kinship with the best in literary craftsmanship which transcends nationality, and a presentation of certain types and beauties of character which should make Lincoln the writer, as distinct from the Cape Codder, acceptable to the lovers of literature and humanity all the English-speaking world over. These are stories of Cape Cod and its villagers, a seaboard folk with traditions as tarry and as briny as those of the British themselves. Lincoln should figure on the bookshelves of all lovers of the sea.

There is no writer in England to whom this American author can be so well compared, in the particular of topographical devotion alone, as to Eden Phillpots. The former has done for Cape Cod what the latter has done for "Dartmoor." He has written of the sandy peninsula off the coast of Massachusetts with the love, the knowledge, the fecundity which characterize such books as "The River," and "Demeter's Daughter." He writes exclusively of Cape Cod. In doing so, Hildegard Hawthorne tells us that "he is saving for us a precious part of America, writing down before it is too late, a past recent enough but changing fast, a past closely woven into the very fibre of our character and meaning as a nation."

Such scenery as Cape Cod possesses—and Lincoln paints scores of homely little pictures of sand and sea and dune and of cranberry marsh and distorted little bluffs of trees—is not of the grandiose variety. Such villages as it possesses are all strung along the one main highway which is overrun, like the "State roads" everywhere in New England, by swarms of motorists and tourists in the summer "vacation." Boston is only six hours away by train, and the Cape is a favourite holiday resort of the "Hub" people and of New Yorkers. The natives, however, have been Cape Codders, farmers and fisherfolk in a modest democratic American way, for many generations, ever since the pioneer days of New England settlement. Every other house in Lincoln's villages, Trumet, South Harniss, Ostable, etc., is inhabited

by a retired sea capt'n, a man of a strong nautical turn of speech, sterling common sense, and rare individuality. In a country whose history so far as the white man is concerned goes no further back than two hundred and fifty or three hundred years, a local tradition and a local type growing out of that time is really venerable and hoary. The Cape Cod people, unlike the other New England type, the pioneers, were stay-at-home folk from the beginning and have a well marked topographical character, and a "down east" style of phrase all their own. These are not the points which in the Lincoln novels would appeal as clearly to the English reader as to the American. Territorial contrasts of this sort convey little to overseas readers, but although they may add much to a compatriot's appreciation of Lincoln's people, the author insists so little on them that nothing, apparently, is lost by a stranger missing any such points. The folk in the books are so wholly delightful, so sterling in themselves, we may be content to learn in them no more of America than Cape Cod, and no more of the world of the forty-eight States than the Cape Codders themselves. Few of the villagers, except the sea capt'ns, would be any wiser. The American type, and the American language (truly a strange tongue!) serve, like the geography of the Cape, to make the Lincoln books American, but the flower of them belong more widely than that—to a universal literature wherein local flavour is but an accidental and not an essential. To put it simply, the most insular minded Britisher could read Lincoln with as much enjoyment as he might anticipate from a book by an English writer about the familiar people of our own coasts and little seaport places, Brixham, "Hild's Haven," the Essex mudflats, and the rest. There are those to whom dialect, local idiom, and "Yankee" act as a deterrent when sampling a new book. Such a writer as O. Henry must for ever be a sealed mine to them. But the speech of Cape Cod is a sheer joy! Two verbs at least are contributed to the vernacular, "I snum," and "I swan." Both leave the English reader in a delicious darkness as to what exactly they may mean, but with no necessary desire for enlightenment. They are exactly right, and most expressive always, and one proceeds to "snum" or "swan," oneself, much as one "slithered" with the "toves" and "gimble" in the "wabe" with Lewis Carroll.

Joseph Crosby Lincoln is, certainly, a humorist. But the

humour is inherent in his stories and not *aimed at*. It is so naturally done that the author should escape a title which seems to imply self-consciousness and some tendency to farcical purpose. There is little or nothing of Mr. W. W. Jacobs in the Cape Cod tales, even of Mr. Jacobs at his earliest and best. The American author's people, especially his minor characters, are intensely, acutely funny; his homely everyday incidents are droll to a degree; his portrayal of whimsical individuality is extremely laughable, but in all this there is no formal aim at comicality. The short stories about Capt'n Jonadab Wixon and Capt'n Barzilla Wingate and their "Old Home House" for summer boarders are fresh, interesting, and richly humorous, while the amazing series of activities into which Capt'n Zeb Snow precipitates himself as postmaster, after retiring from the sea, have more fun packed into them than there is meat in an egg. Still nothing is strained or overdone. Lincoln's people are only themselves and he richly rejoices in them. They do nothing extraordinary. And yet when Mr. Harding cannot get himself unobtrusively seated at a little meeting because one of the legs of his chair is planted on his neighbour's toe, the resultant embarrassments and aggravations are so inimitably told that it is hopeless, for laughing, to attempt to read the passage aloud. So too when the chicken coop "busts" in the overladen boat when Mr. Pratt is rowing over with provisions for the "simple lifers" from New York.

There are two notes in Mr. Lincoln's work either of which stamps them of uncommon character. One of these is that he finds the field of his greatest artistry between any age from thirty-five or forty onwards, and the other is his favourite type of character.

It would be necessary to review the whole series of the Lincoln books to do justice to the observation. There are plenty of young folk on the Cape, like Albert Speranza, Miss Eureka Sparrow, Emily Howe, and plenty of their love stories, all true and wholesome, and delightful; but there are the love stories of middle age too, the love stories of people like Galusha, Laban Keeler, Jed Winslow and Dr. Nye which require infinitely more of insight and of sympathy in the literary handling. Here Mr. Lincoln is at his very best. He has the Dickens sense of the beautiful in the humble, and of the worth in that which is overlooked or underestimated by the inexperienced or the selfish. The present

writer knows of only one English novelist who—again, in a totally different vein—can invest the middle period of life with a greater interest than the earlier, and who can make love more beautiful than romance, and that is Mr. Galsworthy. Lincoln's middle-aged people are far more carefully done than his boys and girls, and their affairs make an appeal confined by writers not in the first rank to youth alone.

As for the favourite Lincoln character—it takes the stage most noticeably in "Shavings" and very characteristically in "Galusha the Magnificent." It is not unlikely that these two novels, together with "Dr. Nye of North Ostable," published in 1923, would be voted by Mr. Lincoln's admirers to be the best work he has done. "Shavings" has been dramatized, although, in point of plot pure and simple, such a tale as "Faithful's Inheritance," or, even better, "Keziah Coffin," might seem to offer more dramatic possibilities. "Shavings" is the nickname of Jed Winslow, a village toymaker. He, and Galusha, and such a character as Laban Keeler in "The Portygee" represent the typical Lincoln hero. It would be hard to exaggerate their manly sweetness and the intense beauty of nature in all three, hidden in the first instance under a modesty, a quaint absent-mindedness, a self-deprecation and a power of life-long sacrifice which led the lesser-minded folk among whom he lived to rank him little better than the village idiot. Galusha, another fine soul in an almost grotesque personality, is, again, the very personification of a modesty so perfect and so unstudied that it amounts to what Thomas à Kempis meant by "humility"—a humility very far removed from that of Uriah Heep. Dickens understood the Galusha type of humility; he often invested his sweeter characters with a touch of it, but Galusha must stand as its embodiment, together with the same gentle absent-mindedness which in Jed makes for so much amusement. Young Albert Speranza, the dago "Portygee" is touched to compunction by just this same humility in Laban Keeler, drawn out by a bit of undeserved sarcasm. None of these people know they are humble. None of them know how beautiful it makes them in discerning eyes. The women who loved Jed, and "Loosh," and Laban, the *undesigned* young widow in "Shavings," the sensible kindly Martha Phipps, and loyal Rachel, were all won, and held, by this rarest of characteristics. One feels how the writer himself senses it under the quaintest exterior, and how it places its possessor on a pedestal in his eyes.



In "Keziah Coffin"—certainly among the best of Mr. Lincoln's works—the writer approaches more nearly to tragedy than in his other tales. This is a finely-told story, the heroine of which is a woman over thirty in a small dependent position. Keziah is grandly conceived, and may stand among the Lincoln women as Galusha Bangs stands among the men. There are passages of delicious comedy in this book; if it were feasible to have quoted from the stories, an excerpt should be taken from Keziah's sailing chart, issued for parochial guidance in a little village riven by sectarian feuds to the newly arrived young minister whose housekeeper she is.

The Lincoln women, generally, are delightful. He excels with his gossips, his garrulous, sharp-tongued busy-bodies, and his gay, capable, unaffected young girls. The Lincoln heroine is all mother—the woman who mothers a man with the same art, barely disguised, as ever she mothered a child. It is hard to say whether her heart is wider, deeper, warmer, than her head is wise and steady. Aunt Lindy Pepper, 'in "Dr. Nye," is a gem of female mischief.

There is this about the Lincoln novels—they are just pictures of Cape Cod life taken here and there apparently at random. We get the same village names in all of them,—Wellmouth, Trumet, Denbro', Bayport,—the Post Offices, the little railway stations, the boarding houses and even the summer cottages. When reading of doings in one book, say in North Ostable (where Dr. Nye plays a part somewhat like Ibsen's "Enemy of the People," but with considerably more common sense), we know what is going on, say in South Harniss because of "The Portygee." It is delightful in one Cape Cod book to be reminded of the whereabouts of all the other Cape Cod folk we have got to know by coming across Hyannis, Waptonac, and the names of such familiar places.

"Galusha" is as good an example of Mr. Lincoln's management of plot as any other of his books. There are no amazing dénouements and no anti-climaxes in the stories, only the excellent working out, always in a very interesting manner, of some likely drift and interchange in human affairs. The tale never drags, or fails to resolve itself. The author does not rely on plot for interest more than on characterization or incident. The value of both is so well balanced that the reader may find it hard to decide at the end which was the warp and which the woof of the story. Mr. Lincoln is

not a psycho-analyst. He does not dissect his folks or dissertate upon them. He has nothing to do with buried complexes. All the thinking that is done about these level-headed Capt'ns, and these shrewd witted women is done by themselves, but the writer has a way of noting a silence, a look, a close shut mouth, an inadvertence, an hesitation or a cry of joy—all the myriad and one things that, apart from speech, go to human intercourse—which reveals volumes of unwritten thoughts, mental estimates, spiritual struggles. There is a fund of philosophy in the books, the philosophy of a rare common sense, uttered for the most part in a vernacular of inimitably appropriate Cape Cod-ese.

Joseph Crosby Lincoln is himself a son of the queer-shaped Massachusetts peninsula with its attendant "Elizabeth Islands" and "Martha's Vineyard." The old Cape Cod towns called after Sandwich at home, after Yarmouth, Barnstable, Truro, Eastham, Harwich, date back to the first quarter of the seventeenth century. It is interesting to find out how it came by its homely name. Just a year before the death of "good Queen Bess" a "worthy and religious gentleman" of the name of Captain Bartholomew Gosnold cruising along the American seaboard landed on the sandy spot where now is Provincetown. He declared himself so "pestered with cod-fish" there that he gave the Cape the name it has been known by ever since.

Mr. Lincoln was born in 1870 at Brewster; his father was "one of the old sea captains who have helped to make the Cape famous . . . so were his grandfather and all his uncles. . . . They are nearly all gone now, but at that date there were plenty of them." They figure everywhere in the books and their talk is full of a nautical metaphor which no deep waterman might challenge. Joseph Crosby was not destined for the sea. He entered a banking house in Boston as a young man, but gave up the idea of a career in figures for that of an artist. Not meeting with much encouragement or success with the brush he took to writing poetry, and later tried his hand at short stories. His verses were collected to make his first book, "Cape Cod Ballads," published in 1902, when the author had already come to New York with a young wife and child. Seventeen or eighteen years ago "Capt'n Eri," his first prose work, was published, and there has been another novel every year since then. He spends his entire summers on the Cape, writing, fishing and golfing. He usually re-

serves the morning from nine to twelve or one o'clock for his literary work. He "scorns the typewriter," but uses a soft stubby pencil and writes on generously large sheets of yellow paper.

Mr. Lincoln "is not only a novelist of wide reputation," says a contemporary critic, Hamlin Garland, "he is a public benefactor. His success has in it something heartening and corrective. In the midst of work which appeals to the base and cynical in human life (American city life) his clean, wholesome . . . stories . . . give evidence of the fact that there is a huge public for decent and homely fiction, just as the success of his play "Shavings" is evidence that there is a paying audience for a decent and homely drama."

The writer ascribes it to his "weakness for a cheerful story," that makes him care little, as a literary man, for the so-called problem novel of to-day. He thinks he could write a miserable tale with an unhappy ending because he knows it is only too true that stories in real life often end that way, but he does not wish to do so any more than he wishes to be miserable himself or to associate with the sort of people who get into the problem novels. He enjoys reading "Lord Jim" and "The Old Wives' Tale," but he does not return to them again and again as he returns to "Huckleberry Finn," and "The Beloved Vagabond."

He is the sort of writer we ought to read in England to-day. Apart from that section of the book-loving public who will always read about the sea and sea village folk, there are thousands to whom the sheer cheer and the welcome laughter of the tales will act as a panacea for the ills, literary and otherwise, of a time that has been overlong sad and grey. Some people are very susceptible to the influence of books, and their moods react to an author's personality. It occurs in "Shavings" somewhere, that no matter what the losses or perplexities of the moment may be "there is always something just below the horizon of time." Lincoln helps us to pack up our troubles in the old kit bag, and smile, smile, smile!

E. WALMESLEY.

## AN "UNMIXED" MARRIAGE

"IT'S preposterous," pronounced Augustus Frere incisively. "An orphan picked up by a convent—and staying at one now, you say?"

"She is an orphan," conceded Edwin, "but not at all of the kind you insinuate, father—that is to say, she has some private means."

"Which you propose to live on when you're married? Dignified, isn't it?"

"I would work hard for a living. If you could only continue my allowance for a short time, we should have enough to marry on without counting the little Veronica has."

"Nonsense! The girl is out of the question—a Roman Catholic—would like my money, and has set a trap for you."

"Who told you that lie?" asked Edwin Frere, white with anger.

"Control yourself, sir!" thundered his father, who, forensic by profession and character, made a point of never answering questions, only asking them.

"You want me to give up Ronny," said Edwin fiercely, "but I won't."

"Your surmise is correct, and I think you *will* before long. At any rate you shall not marry her on *my* money."

"Then I'll manage without it!"

"You speak like the boasting, ignorant young fool you are. You've earned nothing in your life yet. Understand me clearly: You have got to break with that girl *now* or you break with me, and what *you* care about—my money."

And before Edwin could reply, his father strode from the room, sure that he had beaten his son into ultimate submission.

But the young man walked in dumb fury out of the house, to think out a plan of campaign. It was odious, he reflected—the power that money could give, and the impotence and indignity—the gnawing heartache—entailed by the lack of it. Of course it *was* a pill to the Governor, Ronny being an R.C., since his special hobby was smelling out "Romanizing practices" in the Establishment. But he, Edwin, prided himself in being free from Victorian bigotry. And Veronica being the perfect angel she was, her religion could not be

a bad one—for a woman. He should do nothing to counteract it in her; but for himself, well, he lived in the twentieth century, and had been to Cambridge!

How very odd! Just thinking of Cambridge, and who should that be on the point of collision with him—seeing nothing but his own herbaceous thoughts—but old Pereira, who had been his botany professor there. Mutual salutations were followed by an agreed adjournment to lunch, and the meal was not far advanced before Edwin had laid bare his troubles—love without work in sight, though he was willing to try anything.

"Well, Frere," the Professor commented in a meditative voice which reproduced the blended silkiness and piquancy of the salad, "I have not forgotten that you were my most promising pupil. You're not cut out for the Law, but, as luck will have it, I have just been asked by a very keen capitalist to furnish him with a thoroughly competent commercial botanist, educated well enough to take the starch out of officialdom, for an expedition to Central Africa, in search of concessions of land and water—more or less mixed—where grow certain rushes we wot of, which the said capitalist contemplates pulping in order to convert their fibres into paper. Being Cockney-Dutch, he pronounces the last word "pyber," so you see, the raw and the finished articles are already blended in his speech. The only paper Mr. Van Beer has made hitherto is a considerable quantity of "Fishers," and the only thing else he claims to have made is himself—pretty shoddy stuff. But you'll get a considerable share of the pelf, particularly if he realizes his vision of cheap black labour, to whom he hopes to sell ill-fitting European garments as a by-product of the fibre you will procure for him. Think of the blessings you will inaugurate!—if you let him pick your brains. I'll put it through for you. The sooner you start, the better."

In exultation, Edwin sought out Veronica at her old school, where she was staying on a visit to the nuns, who seemed to stand to her *in loco parentis*. He forgot how, despite his "liberal" reaction from parental bigotry, his first visit to her there had been preceded by anticipations coloured by half-credited stories recited on many a platform chaired by "the eminent K.C., Sir Augustus Frere"—a gruesome ensemble of stone cells, ferocious disciplines, and walling-up. He forgot the only real peril of the place in his eager haste

—the dangerous slipperiness of the highly polished floor, when he shot across the hall to the parlour on a sliding door-mat, upsetting the gravity of a lay-sister as well as his own equipoise. Next moment he was telling Veronica how he hoped to be independent of his forbidding father and free to marry her at the expense of a year's preliminary survey in Central Africa and occasional returns there in the service of the Tropical Fibres Company, Ltd. Neither of them realized what that "expense" might mean, or if Veronica with her feminine intuition did have an inkling of what it might cost, she would not damp her lover's joy at being able to claim her before all the world as his betrothed—before all the world. Neither would she damp his good spirits so far in advance by recurring to the subtler difficulties of a mixed marriage in the eyes of the Church. He knew the "conditions" (which is quite a different thing to realizing them). His willingness to give up his father's money for her sake gave her confidence that his generosity would not go unrewarded, and that their eventual marriage would be an "unmixed" one. So the only reference she made to religion was to ask him to wear in remembrance of her a little silver blessed medal which, happily, has replaced the old unsightly and quickly-grubby cloth scapular at the wise direction of sensible people at Headquarters.

"I would like to feel you were wearing it, in case of sickness . . ." she faltered, apprehensive of even the most good-natured quizzing from him on the subject.

"Oh, as to that," he answered, smiling, "I plank my confidence on quinine—which, by the bye, we owe to the Jesuits who get on my father's nerves so; but still . . ."

"But still?" she meditated when he left her.

During the months that followed, Edwin had ample opportunity of testing the properties of quinine or "Jesuits' bark," which in over-doses made him so deaf that he jestingly wrote to his stonily unresponsive parent that he found it a good deal worse than their bite. The swampy depressions of equatorial Africa where Edwin's tactfully negotiated concessions lay, were nearly certain to be marked by belts of forest trees and specially luxuriant vegetation, affording grateful shade when the sun was vertical at the noonday halt. But in the cooler hours it was not good to linger in such places—better to follow the practice of the big game, which, however much it might appreciate these shady hollows



in the noontide heat, browses in the chillier darkness or dawn, on the short, sweet herbage springing up in the open after the rains in the track of bush fires. It was a relief to Edwin to emerge even in full daylight's blaze on these open spaces and sniff the pungent scent of damp burnt earth. In the jungle the smells are mostly sickly sweet with a myriad flowers mingled with vegetable decay—with occasionally the appalling stench of a crushed ant, offensive in death as in life, out of all proportion to its size,—and together with the Anophiles mosquito, the Tse-tse and Sleeping Sickness flies, the laming "jigger," and many another insect pest, combining to do the work of Beelzebub, "the Lord of the Fly."

Edwin's appetite for food disappeared at meals, when Tyler or Taylor (from van Beer's introduction he might have had either name), his caravan manager, noisily imbibed his soup, which before it was even put on the table had become a trap for a host of strange and repulsive insects. He had yet to learn that the success of an African expedition greatly depends on its white components messing separately, for the tropics breed bad temper along with disease, and such trifles as Tyler's straggling moustache (which his fastidious superior mentally classed as "face-fungus") are apt to cause dangerous explosions. It became increasingly difficult to find subjects of conversation which were not contentious, or to show decent sympathy for each other's ailments, and Edwin was annoyed to find himself saddled with this masterful ex-stable boy, whose blistering tongue and whip had been deemed necessary to check thieving, loitering and insubordination on the part of the porters who carried their luggage in the primitive way from camp to camp.

There came a time when both their horses died from the Tse-tse fly, and Edwin trudged mile after mile in the blazing heat through a stifling tunnel of six-foot high elephant grass, till, fever-weakened, he could walk no more, and had to be carried in a hammock. In this he was soaked in the dew-laden tangle of foliage in the cooler hours of day, and nearly stifled in the heats. One morning he awoke delirious, and too weak to be moved. The porters, scenting death, would not go near him. Tyler came and looked at him, then deliberately removed all the money he could find in his tent, put on Edwin's newest jacket and other clothes, took his gun, and went out, meditating that the Boss was a "goner," and no one would know what money he had had about him or what

he had worn. He would wait one more day to let him die "peaceful," during which process something might be shot to renew their stock of meat.

The day faded, the night passed, and when another day was far spent, and the able-bodied white man had not returned, the porters deserted *en masse*, fleeing from the fear of death, but not empty-handed. During the following night Edwin's delirium left him, and he was conscious and clear-headed, though terribly weak and torturingly thirsty, no one hearing his faint calls for water. The silence was indeed sinister as regards any indication of human help and company, but after the sleepy hush of the hot day the night was vibrant with the sounds of awakened nature. The sinister cough of a leopard sounded near at hand. Branches parted and saplings snapped before a herd of roving elephants, and something squelched along heavily, like a restless hippopotamus. A shrill clamour of screams proceeded from the monkeys, suggesting that one of them was being crushed in the toils of a python. The ravine echoed to the maniac laughter of feasting hyenas. But somehow the most sinister sound of all was the faintest rustle—surely more of imagination than reality?—denoting the remorseless march of the ants. Were they the white ants which devoured clothing, boots and matting, or the terrible black warrior ants, the cold fire of whose hunger for live flesh was as deliberate as the worm that dieth not? Shadows glided over the moonlit vista and darkened his soul with horror. Not a sound that was human!

Yet a short march away Compline was being sung at the Mission, with its appointed psalm of comfort:—

He that dwelleth in the help of the Most High  
Shall abide under the protection of the God of Heaven . . .  
Thou shalt not fear the terror of night,  
The pestilence that walketh in darkness,  
Nor the noontide devil.

Edwin clasped a little medal suspended round his neck. It called up a vision of Veronica, and other things. . . . He felt he had done nothing worthy in life, and would accomplish nothing in death. *Death!* What was it? The Agnostic in him recalled the doubtful words of Arthur Burrell:—

Tell me the meaning of death.  
Is it the end of the day,  
Or a doubtful forward step  
When the trees hide the trend of the way,  
And the sky's o'ercast?

His father's bitter bigotry had been no guide in living nor preparation for dying, with its abjuration of all necessary but merciful purgation. Cambridge had offered three compromising kinds of Established religion—Attitudinarian, Platitudinarian, and Latitudinarian, and he had chosen none. . . . Only good form. Had that meant a good *life*? He owed more than College debts. But chiefly he accused himself of negligencies and ignorance. Had he seriously tried to exhaust all the possibilities of belief? A great longing for enlightenment surged up within him, and a passionate wish for more time and opportunity. In the words of the dying St. Augustine, he could have exclaimed, "So little done! So much to do!" And a great fear, which is the merest beginning of wisdom, shook his spirit, as a wind flattens out a flickering flame that it may leap up afresh with renewed strength. The cry of that modern Augustine—Cardinal Newman—became his own:—

Lead, kindly Light, amid encircling gloom.  
The night is dark, and I am far from home. . . .  
I loved to choose my path, but now  
Lead Thou me on!

A light was indeed flickering before his eyes.

This was what Veronica read in the papers:

We regret to report the tragic death on the borders of Uganda of Mr. Edwin Frere, the brilliant young botanist in the service of the Tropical Fibres Company, Ltd. From a cable received from Port Alexandra, it appears that the body was discovered by a native hunter in a game pit. Though reduced to a skeleton by ants, it was identified as wearing Mr. Frere's clothes, with letters and money in the pockets, and his name worked on a silk handkerchief. It is feared that the unfortunate man must have fallen into this concealed pit while out shooting by himself. Nothing has as yet been heard of his men, who presumably stampeded.

That was why the rumour got about weeks later that she

contemplated becoming a nun. But the Rev. Mother of her convent-school, while full of love and sympathy, dissuaded her from at once taking so serious a step, urging delay for the restoration of her shattered health, the clearing of her mind, and the proof of her vocation. For all these purposes she was sent as a nurse with the White Train to Lourdes, to tend the halt, the lame and the blind who sought there healing or resignation to the contrary will of God. With them she merged with a vast multitude of many nations—Catholic in suffering as well as in belief. By so great a faith,—taking Heaven by storm in a hurricane of fervent prayer, echoing word for word the old Gospel pleas for pity, sight, hearing, wholeness, strength, and yet more belief—her own faith was persuaded not only of the power, but of the loving kindness of God. And so, with the majority of pilgrims whose care was not for the body but the soul, she went to the great Place de la Conception, when it was dark, to join her flickering candle to a flaming forest of prayer. Who can fail to be moved on hearing the Lourdes Hymn thus sung in many more tongues than proclaimed at Pentecost the birth of the Church—that little seed which has become the Tree of Life?

Veronica walked, carrying her light like a wise virgin. She had determined to seal her virginity with vows at the earliest possible opportunity, unless plainly shown before this pilgrimage closed on the morrow that the veil was not her vocation. If Edwin had lived, she sighed again, it would have been different. But as she savoured the thought in all its bitter sadness, she started violently, and tottered in the surging crowd. She had seen a face, the face of Edwin, looking intently in front of him—white and unsubstantial in the faintly illuminated darkness, as the shadowed image of a spirit. It vanished even as she looked, and she went, shaken with sobs, to pray for his restless soul.

Very early next morning, the day arranged for her return to the Convent, she renewed her prayers in the Cave of the Apparition, where she set herself to make up her mind irrevocably. If Edwin had but lived! But now. . . Her heart leapt, stood still, and then pounded a peal of clarion strokes. The grotto echoed with the joyous sound of her name. The voice was Edwin's, and the accompanying hand clasp was that of flesh and blood. It was Edwin who knelt by her side, in thanksgiving, not only to Mary Queen of Virgins,

but to Mary of the Marriage Feast, and Him Who turned weak water into wine.

They sat on the spur of an outlying summit of the Pyrenees, looking down on Lourdes. It was a lovely May morning. Festoons of wild roses, pink and gold, filled the air with fragrance.

"It is like a resurrection," said Veronica for the second time, wonderingly.

But Edwin's touch was reassuring, and he took up the tale.

"I *do* feel as though I had come back from the dead, where but for Father Stanislaus of the Mission I should have been. He found me nearly dying and left alone at night, and nursed me back to health, and that was not all he did for me. . . ."

"But you shouldn't have gone and got killed in the newspapers!"

"That was Tyler's body they found in a game pit. He managed my porters till he ran off with my coat and money. . . . But I was going to tell you," continued Edwin, painfully gathering a cluster of roses. . . . We can have flowers. It will be an unmixed marriage!"

ALEX. JOHNSTON.

## ALEXANDER POPE'S CATHOLIC NEIGHBOURS

WHEN reading local histories or memories relating to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, we frequently come upon records of Catholic families and of Catholic priests, mentioned as living at places whence almost all trace of them has vanished and where their very names are almost forgotten at the present day. If we take, for example, the part of Berks east of Reading, the scene of the early life of the poet Pope, we find all his biographers agreeing in the idea that his father, a convert to the Faith, when he retired from business in London was induced to settle at Binfield in Windsor Forest by the existence of several Catholic families in the neighbourhood of that place. These families are now extinct and their estates have passed into other hands.

Some ten years had elapsed between the Revolution of 1688 (the date too of his son's birth), which is said to have driven the elder Alexander Pope from business, and his purchase of a small property in Berks; and part of this time, at least, he appears to have lived at Hammersmith, then a noted centre for Catholics. It would be interesting to know how far he was acquainted with any of the Catholic gentry whom his young son began to visit, and whether the latter owed all his favour amongst them to his own early genius and social qualities or whether the name Pope was known in Catholic circles for some service rendered to the House of Stuart. In 1695 a Royal Proclamation ordered all Papists to withdraw more than ten miles from the capital, and if we can trust the lines written many years later, the elder Pope was a Jacobite.

For Right hereditary taxed and fined,  
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind.

But there is nothing to show that he was especially obnoxious to the Government.

The English Catholic clergy were then under the four Vicars Apostolic appointed in 1687 in the reign of James II., Berks, Surrey, and other counties south of the Thames being included with Middlesex in the London District of which



Bishop John Leybourne was head. He was succeeded in 1703 by Bishop B. Gifford, who was transferred from the Midlands and lived till 1734.<sup>1</sup> On the north of the Thames in Bucks and Oxfordshire, Gifford was followed by George Witham, translated to the northern district in 1716, whose successor was Bishop Stonor, who died March 29th, 1756, aged seventy-nine. None of these prelates could venture on a fixed residence but were obliged to move from place to place to avoid spies and informers. The priests were in the same position and, outside the large towns, lived only in the houses of the Catholic gentry as chaplains, more or less disguised.

Sparsely populated and consisting to a large extent of uncultivated land and open heath, the district lying between Windsor and the river Loddon, near Reading, was probably at this time more secluded than any other within easy reach of the capital. The greater part of it was included in the area of the Forest and the little Borough of Wokingham, or Oakingham, as it was then called, was its only town. Villages with old churches were scattered about and various persons held estates under the Crown, mostly in virtue of official posts in connection with the Forest. Otherwise a good deal of the land seems to have belonged to yeoman families who farmed their own small properties. A certain number of these may have remained Catholics, for, so late as the year 1741, when Bishop Challoner visited Binfield he found a congregation of fifty Catholics under the Rev. Thos. Adams. Adams was ordained in 1735 and had left Binfield by 1749. He died in London, October, 1757, aged 48.

The chief support of this Mission would have been the family of Dancastle which owned the manor of Binfield. John Dancastle purchased it towards the end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in 1595. He had married Elizabeth, daughter of George Tattershall of Finchampstead, a parish about five miles from Binfield, who was also a Catholic. Their son, John, born in or about 1597,<sup>2</sup> married Mary, daughter of John Browne and niece of Anthony, Lord Montague, and was succeeded by his son, also John, born about 1636, who married Anne, daughter of Francis Fittiplace of Swancombe, Oxfordshire. The *Heralds' Visitation* of 1665 gives Francis as the eldest son of John and Anne, but

<sup>1</sup> He died March 12, 1734, aged 91.

<sup>2</sup> Forfeited part of his property as a recusant in 1634.

another son, John, owned the manor in 1716, as well as a house in the parish of Wokingham named Wixies, and returned its value as £234 annually. He died in 1740 (will proved, December), preceded by his younger brother, Thomas Dancastle, who had died in 1727 or 1728, leaving by his wife, Elizabeth, a son, the last of the long succession of Johns, who on attaining his majority was granted the administration of his uncle's will (July, 1749). He, a few years later, sold the property and, after patiently enduring great suffering from the gout, ended his life on January 29th, 1780, aged fifty-three, and "passed where his griefs, sorrow and pain are no more." A marble tablet on the wall of the south aisle of Binfield parish church, erected by his sorrowing widow, describes him as "the last representative of an ancient family in this county," and at the bottom of the tablet the letters R.I.P. indicate his faith. According to Lyson's, he had sold the manor in 1754, though some of his land in Binfield was not sold till 1765. But the mission probably ceased with the sale of the manor.

To return to the contemporaries of Pope. The elder Alexander had purchased his house in 1698 from his son-in-law, Charles Rackett, and had conveyed it in 1700 to trustees, two nephews of his wife named Mawhood, for the benefit of his son, who in that year left school to live at home. The Racketts, about this time, settled at Bagshot Heath, at a house known as Hall Grove in the parish of Windlesham, Surrey, about seven miles from Binfield. Here there seems to have been a priest, at any rate, occasionally. In the appendix to Carruthor's life of the poet, there is a letter from Mrs. Pope to her son, then in town, written from Binfield, in which she says that Charles Rackett and Mr. Mannock had been at Binfield to take leave. Many years later, in 1747, Mrs. Rackett by her will left some pictures to her friend, William Mannock. We may hazard a guess that this William was the Rev. William Mannock, a priest, who died at Windsor in March, 1748/9. He was a younger son of Sir William Mannock, Bt., of Gifford Hall, Norfolk, was educated at the English College at Rome and ordained at Liège. He was a chaplain in Northamptonshire in 1702. He may well have been in the London district to which Berks and Surrey belonged at a later date. One of his uncles was a well-known Benedictine author, and with his great-nephew, Sir George Mannock, Bt., who was also a priest, the family ended when

he was killed by the accidental upsetting of the Dover coach on May 6th, 1787. The Rev. William Mannock was born in 1677. About nine miles distant from Binfield lay Whiteknights, three miles south of Reading, and the home of the Englefields. The chapel here was served by Franciscans, who appear also to have had a small centre in Reading itself about this time. It was not till 1792 that public Catholic chapels were legal, though, after the partial Relief Act of 1778, there were no more prosecutions, and the present mission at Reading was founded in 1780. Anthony Englefield, fifth son of Francis Englefield of Wootton Bassett, Wilts, had acquired Whiteknights in 1606. His grandson, another Anthony, born c. 1637, died at Whiteknights in January, 1712, aged 75, and was a friend of the two Alexander Popes. His daughter, Theresa, married Lester Blount, of Maple Durham, and was mother of the two sisters, Theresa, born at Paris, 1688, and Martha Blount, born at Maple Durham, 1690. Henry Englefield, second son of Anthony, owned Whiteknights in 1716, when the Returns ordered by the Act I., Geo. I., c. 55 were compiled. He married Catherine Poole of London, and died before March, 1720, when his will was proved. His son, Henry, succeeded to the family Baronetcy as sixth Baronet, and died in 1780. The title became extinct on the death of his son, Sir Henry, seventh Baronet, in 1822.

During the reign of Queen Anne the Jacobites still retained hopes of a peaceful Stuart restoration, but the accession of the House of Hanover in August, 1714, was immediately followed by increased strictness in enforcing the penal laws. An Act of Parliament was passed in the first year of George I. compelling all Catholics to register their names, addresses and the value of their estates. The lists were compiled by the Clerk of the Peace for each county. Names of tenants as well as of the landowners were also entered. In the Return for Berks the name of Pope does not appear, though all landowners had to register. Probably the lists were not actually made out before the Binfield property of Pope had been sold on March 1st, 1715/16. But the passing of this Act may have led to the sale, which has generally been ascribed merely to the poet's desire to be nearer to London, though no doubt that had something to do with the change of residence.

Some of the landowners added to the required particulars,

explanations of their views, civil or religious, evidently with the object of mitigating the rigour of the Government. Thus Henry Englefield writes a statement to the effect that as an English Catholic he felt it his duty to obey whatever Government God was pleased to place over him, actively where he could without breaking the laws of God, passively where he could not. That he would willingly take an oath of allegiance to King George, but could not take the Test Oath, as the doctrine of the Real Presence was taught by the Church, held by many Protestant divines and expressed in Scripture. This line of passive obedience was no doubt the one that would commend itself to the younger Pope, who was by no means anxious to expose himself to danger for the sake of a fallen dynasty.

The southern Catholics had not taken up arms during the rising of 1715 and, being nearer to London, probably saw the hopelessness of the attempt better than did those in the north. Some of them, at any rate, had grasped the fact that there was no real chance of a reversal of the Act of Settlement and that only by acceptance of the Protestant succession was there any likelihood that religious freedom or even some measure of tolerance could be obtained. Bishop Stonor, appointed Vicar Apostolic of the Midland district in September, 1716, was the first of the Catholic bishops who endeavoured to come to an understanding with the Whig Government and so obtain some mitigation of the Penal Laws. Men like Englefield and Pope, we may safely assume, would gladly have followed his lead.

The last Baronet was the well-known antiquarian and patron of art, Sir Henry Charles Englefield, F.R.S. He does not appear to have lived at Whiteknights and the place was let to the Marquis of Blandford, who spent much money on the house and gardens before he was ruined. The estate had already been mortgaged by the seventh Baronet and after his death in 1822 it was claimed by his sister and her husband, Francis Chomley, who, after litigation, gained possession. It was, however, mortgaged again and finally sold in 1842, the entail created by the sixth Baronet having been barred in 1839 and the house pulled down in 1840. The greater part of the estate is now built over. As the house is said to have been built towards the end of the eighteenth century and the grounds became celebrated only during Lord Blandford's occupation, the original house asso-

ciated with Pope must have vanished long before. The Catholic mission and church at Reading, as we have said, were established in 1780, probably because about that time Whiteknights passed into non-Catholic hands.

There is little in the correspondence of the poet which throws light on the early relations of his family with their Catholic neighbours. At Finchampstead, during the seventeenth century, there dwelt the Tattershalls, related to the Dancastles, who owned the manor of West Court. The last of the name, however, George Tattershall, left his estate to his daughter Mary, who married a son of the Earl of Arundel, and he, after his wife's death, sold the property in 1704, since which date there would appear to have been no Catholic landowners east of the river Loddon, except those at Binfield, during the remainder of the eighteenth century. The Catholics at Finchampstead and at Hurst were included in the 300 found at Whiteknights, 1741.

For more than a century after the extinction of the Dancastle's mission there is no sign of a chapel existing or a priest residing anywhere between Reading and Windsor, except that there appears to have been a priest at the village of Sandhurst, in or soon after the year 1800. During the last thirty years of the nineteenth century Mass was occasionally said in private houses in Binfield and Warfield. In 1882 Ascot, which in the eighteenth century was merely open heath, was sufficiently known as a residential district to justify the beginning of the mission now in charge of the Franciscans, and about 1894 the little iron chapel at Bracknell was opened. The oldest town in the neighbourhood, Wokingham, was the last to revive the ancient faith and perhaps these scanty notes on some of those who suffered for it in the past, may stimulate interest in their present representatives.

LUCIUS FITZGERALD.

## WHAT ELIZABETH THOUGHT OF "CONTINUITY"

**I**N a famous phrase the great de Maistre said that for three centuries history had been a conspiracy against the truth. In the century that has since gone by, the opening up of many archives has done much to unmask that conspiracy. English history has largely passed out of Anglican hands; historians have ceased in great part to be subpœnaed by heresy, even Anglicans like Gairdner have shaken off the tradition of their school, and this from a Catholic point of view is a great gain. It is now very much easier to learn what actually happened, to ascertain some significant things which Protestantism had studiously kept under lock and key. And knowing the facts Catholic and non-Catholic can draw their own conclusions.

With regard to specifically Anglican history, however, the last state of things is rather worse than the first. Every device of perverted ingenuity is pressed into service to make plausible a theory of "continuity," which is nothing short of mendacious. To pass over in silence inconvenient facts and documents, to suggest impossible interpretations in flat contradiction of the existing evidence, to give new and fanciful, varied and contradictory meanings to words of established usage and definition at each writer's own sweet will—these are among the usual shifts of those committed to the labour of substituting Anglican wishes for historical facts.

Among other things not altogether new but conveniently overlooked is the diplomatic intercourse between Elizabeth of England, Defender of the Faith, and the Sultan of Turkey, Commander of the Faithful.

To appreciate aright the meaning of this traffic between the Turk and a so-called Christian sovereign we must recollect that in contemporary Europe the Turk was the infidel *par excellence*, the inveterate foe of the Christian name, a very anti-Christ setting up his sinister symbol of the Crescent in defiance of the saving Cross. Although Christian Powers have since, in their feuds with each other, not scrupled to make the Moslem their ally, then such an act would have been considered by Christendom a veritable apostasy, a be-



trayal of the interests of Europe, both secular and religious. Nothing indicates more clearly the essential infidelity of Elizabeth Tudor, and her complete insensibility to the Christian tradition of the English monarchy and of European civilization than the language she uses towards the hereditary foe of Christendom. The spirit of the transaction is hers, for she was her own Foreign Minister, though she had servants as able and unscrupulous as herself.

From the year 1582 at least, Elizabeth was in correspondence with the sublime Porte, and Sir Edwin Pears, who set forth the facts a good many years ago, called attention to their remarkable character.

A curious feature of the correspondence between the queen and her ministers on the one hand and the sultan and his ministers on the other is that from the very outset Elizabeth makes appeal to the Mahometan sentiment on the ground that Protestants and Mahometans are alike haters of idolatry. She is "defender of the faith against those idolaters who have falsely usurped the name of Christ" (*verae fidei contra idololatrias falso Christi nomen profitentes invicta et potentissima propugnatrix*). To such an extent were the Turks persuaded of the similarity between Protestantism and Islam that, if we are to believe a contemporary report addressed to the emperor, Sinan Pacha told the Roman ambassador that to be good Mussulmans all that was wanting to the English was that they should raise a finger and pronounce the Eshed or confession of faith.<sup>1</sup>

In 1582 Elizabeth sent to the sultan an ambassador or "orator," one William Harebone (or Hareborne), who did his best to follow the cue given him, but, instead of arousing the Turk to attack the Catholic Powers, obtained nothing except promises and fair words.

In these terms did the "matchless Eliza" introduce herself:

Elizabeth by the mercy of the most High, Queen of England, France and Ireland, the unconquered and most powerful defender of the true faith against the idolaters who falsely call themselves by the name of Christ, sends

<sup>1</sup> Report of Eytzing in 1588 quoted by Baron von Hammer-Purgstall, "Hist. de l'Emp. Othom.," VII., p. 252, ed. Paris, 1837.

<sup>2</sup> In *English Historical Review*, July, 1893, pp. 439-440.

greeting to Mahomet the Grand Vizier of the emperor of the Turks. . . . Given at our Windsor Castle 15 November, 1582, 24th of our reign.<sup>1</sup>

On November 9th, 1587, Harebone wrote directly to the Sultan Murad in the following strain:

It pleased Almighty God that a solemn treaty should be made through me between my Sovereign Lady the Queen of England and your Imperial Majesty, the labour of which I undertook the more faithfully and freely eight years ago in order that, to His great glory, all the idolaters, our common accursed enemy, might be entirely extirpated by means of the immense power granted to your Majesty. When therefore four years ago I received from the Councillors of your Highness the solemn promise that if any sovereign (who was living in peace with the Spaniard, the head of all the idolaters) should on her side declare war against the Spaniard, she should be aided by the Sultan, who would declare war on his own account.<sup>2</sup>

For, on account of the refusal of my Queen to make peace with him, it is now the intention of the Spaniard, relying on the help of the Pope and of all idolatrous princes, to utterly destroy her and afterwards, when no other obstacle shall remain in Christendom, the Spaniard will direct his invincible strength to the destruction of thee and thy empire and will become the sole monarch, as the Pope, who is believed by them to be an earthly God with many lying prophecies, does not cease to persuade the Spaniard, that he can make him and that he will become. But if your highness at the same time with my Sovereign, wisely and bravely, without delay, will now wage war at sea (which Almighty God, your plighted word, an opportune time, the renown of the glorious Ottomans, the sole salvation of the empire, surely invite) the proud Spaniard and the lying Pope with their followers will not only have the cup of promised victory dashed from their lips but will receive the punishment in their own person due to their rashness. Since God alone pro-

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by Sir Edwin Pears, "The Spanish Armada and the Ottoman Porte," in *English Historical Review*, July, 1893, p. 443. Latin original in Hammer-Purgstall, Vol. VII., p. 395.

<sup>2</sup> *English Historical Review*, July, 1893, p. 445.

fects His own, He will so punish these idolaters through us that they who survive will be converted by their example to worship together with us the true God, and you, fighting for His glory will heap up victory and all other good things.<sup>1</sup>

The civilized Powers, whether in the old world or the new, have never hesitated to employ the help of barbarians in their quarrels with one another, but the enlistment of blacks or Red Indians for the overthrow of whites has always been regarded as an act of treachery to civilization, a "low-down" thing to do, excusable perhaps in extreme necessity, but never to become a common policy. It is interesting to see how early this practice was contemplated. Considering that, about seventeen years before at the Battle of Lepanto (1571), Don John, of Austria, at the head of the Christian Powers, had broken the naval power of the Turks and freed innumerable Christian slaves, this eulogy of the "glorious Ottomans" and this encouragement to the Turkish galleys to devastate Italy and Spain again was a complete abandonment of the Christian cause, not made less odious by the invocation of the Deity.

If Elizabeth had her way, the greater part of Christendom was to be extirpated in favour of her new religion and to the glory and exultation of the Turkish Powers. The attempt of the Turk to repay religious flattery in kind is as follows:—

This present letter is written to the most gracious and most glorious, the wisest among women, and chosen among those which triumph under the standard of Jesus Christ, the most mighty and most rich governour, and most rare among womankind in the world, the most gracious Queene of England, which follow the steps of the virgine Mary, whose end be prosperous and perfect according to your heart's desire.<sup>2</sup>

Let us listen once more to Harebone, who was soon afterwards superseded because the Turk, like the son in the Gospel, kept on saying, "I go, sir," but went not. In the letter above quoted (November 9th, 1587) we find:—

I ask that this occasion may be employed for the glory and the increase of your empire, since my Queen upon

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.* p. 446.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 465.

my urging and your highness' instance will so fetter the Spaniard that he will be unable to move and that your highness will not permit this opportunity to escape fruitlessly lest (if thou despisest His commission which my sovereign, a woman weak by her sex, will fully execute) thou incur the fierce anger of God who has created thee a mighty man and the greatest of all the princes of this world for the express purpose of destroying idolaters."

Elizabeth and her ministers at any rate could not have thought that the Church which they founded and fostered was continuous with that which it supplanted, seeing that they thus claimed affinity with the chief and traditional enemy of the Christian name with the same energy and in the same breath in which they fiercely repudiated all fellowship with the "idolaters," that is, with unapostate Christendom!<sup>1</sup>

Harebone was succeeded [as "orator"] next year by Edward Barton, but his efforts to arouse the Turk were equally fruitless. He writes, August 31st, 1588, to the authorities at home:

And first as touchinge the Grand Signor, neither my L: Ambr: or I ever heretofore sawe or could heare anie other wise but he hase allwaies a friendlye affection towards her m<sup>a</sup>tie: and a great desier of her ma<sup>r</sup> prosperitie and happie successe and this as well for the meruaile he hath of her m<sup>a</sup>te: sexe to be ruler of so valient a people and wisdom to gouverne them so pollitikely, as especiallye for that her m<sup>a</sup>tie: nor hers worshippe not idols as other Christians wch bringe them in great contempte to him and his.<sup>2</sup>

In a letter written directly to Sultan Murad III. by the English ambassador, November 30th, 1588, we read:

Indeed Your Highness knows what my Queen, unaided, has done against so many enemies, how during four years she broke up and destroyed the equipment of such a Prince as is the King of Spain, who is the greatest of the Princes of Christendom in this age (*tanti principis utpote Regis Hispaniae qui isto aevo omnium principum Chris-*

<sup>1</sup> An echo of the same spirit in later days is preserved by Charles Waterton—"Whilst your law prohibits the introduction of crucifixes into England it sanctions the importation of idols to India" (*Catholic Magazine*, January, 1838, p. 22).

<sup>2</sup> *English Historical Review*, July, 1893, p. 450.

*tianorum est maximus*),<sup>1</sup> with her small equipment and this although she had no aid out of those parts.

It is curious how the "Anglo-Catholics" are driven by their impossible theory to force upon the first leaders of Anglicanism a part which the latter never played or dreamed of playing, and, indeed, plainly contradicted alike by their words and works. Elizabeth herself, like her own prelates, claimed full communion with her fellow-Protestants of Switzerland. Less than a year after her flamboyant self-introduction to the Great Turk we find her writing from Oatlands on September 1st, 1583, as follows:

To the Four Cities, etc. (Zurich, Bern, Basel and Schaffhausen).

It is the affair and cause of the people of Geneva, that we commend to you; and which is neither alien from the communion of the same Christ and gospel you profess, nor separate and estranged from the participation of your danger, inasmuch as they have the same enemies as yourselves; those namely, who, on account of the purity of the reformed religion which we profess (*propter eam, quam profitemur, religionis reformatae sinceritatem*), have conspired against the lives of all who profess the gospel, and who indeed adopt various devices to overwhelm us separately; though they every where follow the same purpose and design.<sup>2</sup>

It would be difficult to find in all human history any tradition more flagrantly false than the legend of "Good Queen Bess," which was in full vigour in my Protestant public school days some thirty years since. Not the least strange part of the delusion is the notion that Queen Elizabeth was a great conservative, because she was a great autocrat (like most leaders of revolution). We may add that only a people peculiarly averse to logical thinking would imagine that there is any natural connection between, say, the Tory and the Orange causes! The fact is that Elizabeth, like Napoleon, was the child of revolution and the darling of its votaries. It was as the champion of revolution that she achieved her bad eminence.

<sup>1</sup> *English Historical Review*, July, 1893, p. 459. (Latin text, p. 460.)

<sup>2</sup> "Zurich Letters," 2nd Ser., No. CXXXIII.

Among all the arguments brought forward by the Reformers, it never once occurred to any of them to pretend, either in England or abroad, that the change they had effected was not a radical change. The word Catholic, so dear to the Anglican heart, was an abomination to them.

So long, said Admiral Coligny, as the Queen of England stands fast in the Protestant religion, so long will many States of Christendom decline from Catholic religion, and especially her countenance will be the occasion that France being won thereto, the rest of Christendom shall follow.

If the revolutionary character of the Reformation was disguised at home by the protection lent to it by the throne, Elizabeth's foreign policy and her alliance with traitors and rebels in France and the Netherlands show beyond all doubt, that revolt from hitherto recognized authority, spiritual and temporal, was the very backbone of the movement.<sup>1</sup>

It is high time that England had an effective rallying against Bolshevism, but to take the field with the name of Anne Boleyn's daughter on her banner would be as foolish as to denounce socialism in the name of Karl Marx, or spiritism in that of the late Mr. Home. In her was incarnate the spirit of revolt from the Christian tradition, from the sway of religion, in effect, from the moral law, a spirit which has characterized the policy of all secular governments ever since, and which at long last is being found wanting. And Anglicanism, her own especial child, is a rebel like herself and will brook no master in the religious sphere.

H. E. G. ROPE.

<sup>1</sup> J. M. Stone in *Dublin Review*, July, 1893, p. 599.



## THE CATHOLIC HOSPITAL ASSOCIATION

### OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

**T**HE traveller from Europe who makes a tour in the United States, whether on business or on pleasure bent, is impressed by the number and magnitude of the Catholic institutions which multiply year by year, both in the great cities and in smaller places. Schools, hospitals, orphanages, refuges for every sort of human misery and sorrow, have sprung up through the efforts of our Catholic Sisterhoods in such numbers and magnitude as to strike the traveller with wonder. Of these institutions the schools are perhaps best known because of their more frequent communication with the world at large. But the great system of Catholic hospitals in the United States offers a field of study and observation very rich in suggestion and incentive to Catholics in every part of the world.

There are at present in the United States and Canada some seven hundred and fifty Catholic hospitals, almost all under the care of nursing Sisterhoods, which minister every year, according to the most reliable calculations, to some four million patients. Doctor Martin, the Director-General of the American College of Surgeons, declared not long ago at a banquet of the Catholic Hospital Association that about 50 per cent of all the bed-space in the general hospitals of the United States and Canada is in care of Catholic Sisters. Since there are in the hospitals of the entire territory some three hundred thousand beds for the care of patients, it follows that the Catholic hospitals contain something like one hundred and fifty thousand beds and can care for that many patients at one time.

The ordinary patient remains in the hospital an average, let us say, of two weeks. Thus, hospitals containing 150,000 beds can quite easily accommodate about four million patients every year. Recalling that there are 750 Catholic hospitals in the United States and Canada, these institutions average about 120 beds per hospital. The great size of some of the hospitals will make it less surprising that the general average is so high.

Thus, in the city of Pittsburgh the Mercy Hospital has 560 beds; the hospital of St. Francis, 550 beds; St. John's General Hospital, 200. The average in Pittsburgh is 335. In the city of St. Louis, to take another example, the Alexian Brothers' Hospital has 250 beds; St. Vincent's Institution, 350. There are six other hospitals in this city and the average number of beds is 183.

When we consider such a city as Chicago we may see how the total grows. In Chicago the Alexian Brothers' Hospital has 310 beds, the Columbus Extension Hospital with the Columbus Hospital, 225; Mercy Hospital, 500. There are eleven Catholic hospitals in all giving an average of 224 beds each.

New York City, or greater New York, as it is called, numbers among its Catholic Hospitals, the Columbus Hospital and its Extension with 200 beds, Misericordia Hospital with 360, the Seton Hospital with 250, St. Ann's Maternity Hospital 50, St. Francis Hospital 450. There are eighteen hospitals with a capacity of 3,894 beds, so the average number of beds in each is 236.

To the thoughtful reader these figures will conjure up a startling vision of immense buildings, multiplied equipment and the investment of huge sums of money and vast amounts of human labour and care in ministrations to the sick. In fact it is difficult adequately to conceive the extent and variety of the activities of these hospitals. Thus, at a moderate calculation, the building and equipment of the 750 we have mentioned have cost about three hundred million dollars and the annual expense of their maintenance is about sixty millions of dollars. We mention these material details only to help the imagination to grasp the absolute and relative importance of the Catholic hospitals.

The growth of this hospital system has likewise been phenomenally rapid. Thus the entire group, speaking generally, has been the work of little more than half a century. Most of the hospitals which we see now-a-days in the great centres of population are of far more recent construction. In almost every instance, great as is the capacity of the hospitals, it has become too small for the growing need. So it happens that almost all of these institutions are either just planning a large addition or have recently completed one or in many cases they are now in the very act of building.

Thus, to take a single instance, the famous St. Mary's

Hospital at Rochester, Minn., where the Mayo Brothers and their staff perform all their major operations, numbers 600 beds. Only recently the Sisters constructed an addition to this great hospital with new operating rooms to the number of twelve and with every facility for the care of surgical cases. To gain an idea of its physical dimensions, one need only be told that the cost of this new addition alone was two and a half millions of dollars.

Rochester is, of course, a great centre both of medicine and surgery, but in the same state, in Duluth, one finds St. Mary's Hospital, with 400 beds, under the care of the Benedictine Sisters. At Minneapolis, Minn., St. Mary's Hospital numbers 225 beds. In Philadelphia the St. Joseph's Hospital counts 253 beds; St. Mary's 375, and St. Vincent's Maternity Hospital 450. There are six Catholic hospitals in Philadelphia with a total of 1,734 beds, or an average of 289 for each hospital.

These institutions are entirely in the hands of the Sisters, who own them and are moving forward constantly to a higher and higher efficiency in their management. Some ten years ago, through the devoted and energetic efforts of the Reverend Charles B. Moulinier, S. J., the Catholic Hospital Association of the United States and Canada was established and it has grown apace through the years. Through the labours of the association and of its President, Father Moulinier, the programme of standardization proposed by the American College of Surgeons has been carried out by Catholic hospitals to a degree unrivalled by any other group.

This programme makes greatly for the interests of the patient, insisting as it does on the careful keeping of scientific records, the faithful holding of staff meetings, at which all deaths are carefully investigated and discussed and at which other matters of importance are brought up for the joint consideration of the physicians who compose the hospital staff. The standards also require a well-equipped pathological laboratory for thorough diagnosis and the services of competent technicians to perform the laboratory tests.

Besides co-operating most effectively in this programme of standardization which has greatly increased the efficiency of the Catholic hospitals in caring for their patients, the Catholic Hospital Association has brought the hospital Sisters together from all parts of the country to conventions and conferences at which hospital problems are discussed, papers

and addresses given by persons of great experience in the hospital world and the general interests of Catholic hospitals promoted to a notable degree.

For several years the annual meeting of the Hospital Association took the form of a national or rather international convention held in some large city and to which Sisters, doctors and nurses came from various parts of the United States and Canada. For the last two years, however, the annual meeting has been held at Spring Bank, Wisconsin, a very beautiful property on the shores of Lake Oconomowoc, recently acquired for the purpose, where there are accommodations for some hundred and fifty visitors and where others can be lodged in the hotels of the nearby town of Oconomowoc. Amid these beautiful surroundings of woods and waters, green lawns, and sunny skies, the Sisters, doctors, nurses and chaplains have gathered in successive groups to discuss and formulate the plans and policies of the Association. For ten months of the year Spring Bank is to be used as a Retreat House for laymen, nurses, doctors, as well as for hospital Sisters.

Last year was begun at Spring Bank a very unique method of giving Sisters' retreats. Before the first week's hospital conference and after the second week's, the Sisters who were to attend the meetings were given the opportunity of making a retreat in the devotional seclusion of this lovely spot. Spring Bank is redolent of piety with its three chapels, Manresa, St. Camillus and St. Luke's and the two sets of outdoor stations winding up from the grotto of Our Lady of Spring Bank and from Manresa chapel. The retreats were given to Sisters from many different communities; the exercises of St. Ignatius, under the guidance of one versed in hospital work, being brought to bear upon the life and needs of hospital Sisters. The present writer gave the second retreat and has seldom seen more obvious benefits or greater enthusiasm on the part of retreatants.

During the year preceding the annual Convention more than twenty standing committees, covering in their activity all the chief phases of hospital work, have been collecting statistics and information, formulating policies and seeking a greater unity and conformity in methods and teaching. The reports of their year's activity are given at the annual conferences and resolutions are passed to carry into practice what their deliberations have found expedient.

The studies and discussions carried on under the direction of Father Moulinier have recently culminated in the establishment of a Marquette College of Hospital Administration, together with a School for Technicians and a Normal School for Hospital Sisters. This institution which forms an integral part of Marquette University and is under academic control of the University, began this year with an enrolment of seventeen students, Sisters for the most part, who came to prepare for executive positions in hospitals. The courses of study include Hospital Management, Hospital Finance and Accounting, Religion, Ethics, and similar branches of special utility in Hospital Management.

The modern hospital is not only a place for caring for the sick. It is also an educational institution of importance and a place of study and investigation as well. There is a movement in the United States to raise higher and higher the requirements for those who teach in hospitals, and the day is near at hand when all such teachers will require a University degree in order that the diploma of the hospitals' many schools may be recognized by the State Registries for Nurses.

The co-operation of Marquette University, given through the generous interest and sympathy of its rector, Father Albert C. Fox, S.J., has been invaluable in the organization of this educational work and in promoting the general activities at Spring Bank and elsewhere. Other Catholic educational institutions are also planning or organizing special courses for Sisters and nurses.

We must not fail to mention another department of the Catholic Hospital Association, that for the aid of the Catholic Medical Missions in foreign lands. This is made up of a group of doctors and nurses who hold special meetings to discuss the needs of the mission hospitals and dispensaries in China, India, Japan, Korea, Chaldea, and other mission countries, and to devise means of aiding effectively this most important auxiliary of the missionary priests and Sisters.

The committee in charge of this work gives information concerning the medical needs of the missions, sends needed supplies, encourages vocations, to the Sisterhoods and religious Orders of men who do medical work in mission lands and in other ways promotes, with the aid of the membership, the interests of missionary hospitals. The annual fee for the mission board is \$1.00, which is added to the regular dues of membership. These include a subscription to Hos-

pital Progress and are as follows: Hospitals pay at the rate of \$5.00 per year for every fifty beds. Physicians pay \$5.00 dues yearly, and Sisters and nurses who become individual members pay \$3.00 yearly.

Though it is true that hospital work becomes more and more exacting still, in equal measure, the opportunities offered by hospitals grow more and more extraordinary. The patients who enter Catholic hospitals in the United States and Canada are by no means all of them good Catholics. Many are Catholics who have fallen away from their faith or practice, and a very large proportion are non-Catholics, some of whom enter the hospital with great prejudices against the Catholic faith or with deep ignorance of everything which concerns the Church.

It may be imagined what an influence the ministrations of the Sisters have upon these people, bringing back many fallen away Catholics and converting not a few non-Catholics. Even those who come no closer to the Church in point of belief have their prejudices lessened, their bigotry dispelled and their notions of Catholic charity altogether changed by experience. It may be interesting to remark in this connection that in many Catholic hospitals all or most of the Sisters are trained and registered nurses and the places requiring most skill and imposing most responsibility are filled by the Sisters themselves.

Most of the large Catholic hospitals have training schools for nurses from which each year many students, both Sisters and lay nurses, graduate. Nursing in the United States is a profession which grows continually in importance and opportunity. Thus the graduates of the Catholic training schools find open to them, if they are properly qualified, executive positions in hospitals, employment as X-ray or laboratory technicians, well-salaried posts as health nurses, visiting nurses, social workers, school nurses, pediatric nurses, nurses of mental cases, obstetrical nurses, nurse-assistants in physicians' offices, floor supervisors in hospitals, heads of state registries of nurses, nurses in the army or the navy service, with a regular commission and official standing, head nurses in government institutions and hospitals, and other special employments besides private duty nursing, which always gives ample employment to those who follow it.

The growing importance of the nursing profession induced the Catholic Hospital Association at its meeting last summer



to form an International Catholic Guild of Nurses to group together in a representative body, the Catholic nurses of this and other countries. The first three days of the week of July 21st, 1924, was devoted to a retreat for nurses, given by the present writer, who was requested by the Executive Board of the Catholic Hospital Association to act as Spiritual Director of the Guild. After the retreat, three days were given to discussions and conferences concerning the proposed constitution and by-laws of the Guild which were finally adopted unanimously. The Guild is made up of individual memberships and will establish an International Headquarters for nurses with a full-time Secretary, a registry of Nursing Opportunities and various international committees with local memberships to promote retreats for nurses, lecture courses, the advancement of Guild members in their profession, and their general interests as Catholic nurses. Special bulletins are issued and publications planned. Non-Catholic nurses may become associate members of the Guild but without the privilege of voting or holding office. Each Guild member receives *Hospital Progress*, the very handsome magazine published by the Catholic Hospital Association, and a correspondence is carried on from the headquarters with the Guild members in whatever locality they may be. Nurses from Edinburgh and Dublin have already become members of the International Catholic Guild of Nurses and others will be welcome. The address of the Guild is the same as that of the Catholic Hospital Association: 124, Thirteenth Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

An annual convention will be held on the occasion of the Catholic Hospital Association meeting and the nurses are already manifesting great interest in the work of the Guild and applying for Guild membership. At present 140 cities in the United States (in 30 States) and twelve cities in Canada, besides the two European cities, are represented.

The voting and office-holding members of this Guild must be graduate nurses who are eligible for registration, and are members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin for nurses. A great and successful effort has been made of late years to secure the right organization of a nurses' Sodality in every Catholic training school for nurses. At present, about two hundred such Sodalities exist in the Catholic hospitals and they are becoming better organized each year, for the religious training of the nurses and their permanent union by a

spiritual and social bond. The true purpose of the Sodality, to use devotion to the Blessed Virgin as a means of cultivating such a fervour of interior Catholic life as will tend of its own accord to overflow in good works, is being urged upon hospital Sodalities. Through sections for devotions, for Catholic reading, for sociability, and for the interests of the missions, the nurses are being enlisted to work for their own spiritual interests and for the help of their neighbour and the welfare of the Church. The Sodalities and the Guild, working in unison, the Sodalities supreme in the hospitals and the Guild attending to the general educational and secular activities of the nurses, will accomplish, it is hoped, the much needed union of our Catholic nurses for their individual benefit and for that of their noble profession.

Besides its general meetings, each year the Catholic Hospital Association has organized regional conferences to the number of sixteen, which have their annual meetings at a central point convenient to the hospitals of the district. These regional conferences embrace the whole continent. Thus, there is a conference of Illinois, another of Missouri and Kansas, another of the Maritime Provinces of Canada, another of California, Arizona and Nevada, in the far West. Each has its programme of papers and discussions by Sisters, doctors, and nurses, who can contribute something of value and interest for the advancement of Catholic hospital work. About five hundred and twenty-five of the Catholic hospitals of the United States and Canada are members of the Association and they form the great majority of existing Catholic hospitals. About 900 doctors with 500 nurses are individual members.

A great number of Sisters of many communities are engaged in the work of managing and conducting this vast system. They are growing day by day in efficiency and skill and many of the Sisters are taking special training in various departments of hospital work so as to become qualified experts in their chosen branch of service. With every new discovery in medicine, the importance of the hospital grows and more and more patients come for treatment. For it is a matter of observation that modern methods both in medicine and in surgery require hospital care. Hence it is probable that the Catholic hospitals will continue indefinitely to increase in importance and magnitude.

The movement thus fostered by the Catholic Hospital As-

sociation has in its commencement and its growth, been in large measure the result of the interest taken by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, Father Moulinier and his associates, in a work, so important in itself and so fruitful for the welfare of the Church and the good of souls. A great reason for this initiative on the part of the Society is to be found in the fact that we conduct in the United States no less than five schools of medicine,—at Georgetown, Washington, D.C., St. Louis, Omaha, Chicago, and Milwaukee. The bringing of these schools to the highest standards of medical education implies an effort to assist the Catholic hospitals to a similar progress, because the graduates of these schools must have high grade hospitals to provide for them suitable internships. This, too, is the reason why the Council of Medical Education of the American Medical Association and the College of Surgeons have felt it incumbent on them to start and carry on the movement for standardization of hospitals.

Thus, in all parts of the continent, there are Jesuit Fathers who take special interest in the Catholic Hospital Association and constantly give their time and energy in the intervals of their other work to help the Sisters, the nurses, and doctors who are labouring in this field.

Needless to say many of the secular clergy, especially those who are diocesan directors of the Catholic Hospital Association or in some similar way have been brought in touch with hospital work, are co-operating generously with the activities of the association. Though much has already been accomplished, much still remains to be done in the way of development as the possibilities of hospital work increase day by day.

It is very significant that the Catholic Sisters are more and more assuming a leadership in the direction and development of every phase of hospital activities. Sisters are taking special training as hospital executives, as experts in every department of hospital technique, as instructors, laboratory technicians, X-ray technicians, supervisors of operating room, superintendents of schools of nursing, record-keepers, social service workers, dietitians, in a word, of every department of hospital work. This is an immense benefit not only to their own hospitals but to the whole hospital system.

Much might be said on the opportunities offered by the hospital for social work and for preventive and reconstructive charity. The very fact that four million persons, many

of them deficient in religious training or ill-adjusted in social conditions, come to spend an average period of two weeks each year in the Catholic hospitals gives some notion of what may be accomplished in the way of spiritual and social ministrations. The Catholic Hospital Association through its conferences, regional and international, its publications and the efforts of its leaders, is constantly trying to bring out and realize the best possibilities of the hospitals in its membership both for the care of their patients' physical welfare and of that of their minds and souls.

The present writer, having been appointed to help, in the intervals of other duties, the zealous work of Father Moulinier, president of the Association, has but lately returned from an extensive visit to the hospitals of the far western coast, and from assisting at the annual conference of the hospitals of California, Arizona and Nevada. One is accustomed to see in the Middle West of the United States and in the farther East, the great and long established Catholic hospitals which tower in many neighbourhoods. But it is a matter of surprise and even wonder to remark how the newer towns and cities of the far western country are budding forth, so to say, in splendid hospital buildings through the activity and zeal of the Catholic Sisterhoods. At San Francisco there are three large Catholic hospitals, St. Joseph's with 200 beds, St. Mary's with 175, and Mary's Help with 150. At Santa Barbara the new St. Francis Hospital, excellently equipped, can accommodate 100 patients; at Portland, Oregon, the St. Vincent's Hospital can take care of 458 patients; at Seattle, the Providence Hospital accommodates 346. At Tacoma, Washington, St. Joseph's Hospital can care for 200. The new St. Vincent's Hospital at Billings, Montana, has accommodations for 150, while at Butte, Montana, the most famous mining town on earth, the St. James' Hospital can care for a like number of patients.

Thus, over the whole land, the Catholic hospitals multiply and grow each year in serviceableness to the sick. The future seems to promise yet greater things for the Catholic hospital system and the social work and religious work done by the Sisters and their helpers will alike grow constantly in importance and efficiency. Providence has surely favoured the Catholic hospitals of the United States and Canada to an extraordinary degree and the devoted Sisterhoods have taken

advantage in great measure of the opportunities given to them.

The success and prosperity, both spiritual and temporal, of the Catholic hospitals of the United States and Canada, may well serve as an encouragement to Catholics in other lands and especially to the communities of religious Sisters, to develop more and more this phase of work for souls. What we have said seems to indicate that the hospitals of the United States and Canada, though youngest in point of time among the children of the Church, have yet gone beyond the hospitals of the older lands in their efforts to perfect their organization and to systematize their work so as to match and even surpass the most efficient and progressive of secular institutions. At the same time they have sacrificed nothing of the spirit of religion and of Christian charity which animates all their endeavours.

We should like very much to hear from Catholic hospitals in other countries and to exchange with them suggestions and experiences which will help to the advancement of Catholic hospital work throughout the world.

EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ.

# MISCELLANEA

## I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

### AN ANGLICAN MODERNIST.

THE wit and ingenuity of man have never hitherto been able, nor ever will be able, to find a middle term between knowledge acquired by experience and reason, and that acquired by reliance on competent authority. Yet all the sects which have broken off from the Church have been and are incessantly employed in this search, or have lapsed, in despair of truth, into subjectivism. Rejecting the Church, they cannot find any basis of faith but reason, and reason, they find, can reach no certainty in matters beyond its grasp. Therefore, amidst the thousand *differentiæ* which mark off the sects, they have this in common, that what they call faith rests, in logical analysis, upon reason alone. And this is just as true of Anglicanism as of the rest. All the multitudinous "schools of thought" embraced by the Establishment are alike in this, that they repudiate the only living authority which even claims to teach with certainty; and all are consequently rationalists in religion. There is no difference in this respect between Bishop Barnes and the highest of his "Anglo-Catholic" critics.

An illustration of this fact is afforded by an article, in the *Church Times* for February 27th, by the Anglican Bishop of Pretoria. In an earlier article (November 21st), Dr. Neville Talbot, in criticizing the parties in his own Church, had spoken very cordially of the Church of Rome, whilst claiming for Anglicanism a greater loyalty to historical truth,—an odd claim considering all that Catholics have suffered, and still suffer, at the hands of non-Catholic historians. Now, however, he makes up for that passing weakness by attacking the Catholic Church with all the bitterness of his brethren, Dean Inge and Bishop Barnes, and on much the same grounds as they—its alleged insensibility to modern movements in history and science, "its rooted determination not to make those readjustments in Christian tradition which the new knowledge of the world and its history demand." Some fraternal critics of Dr. Talbot have remarked that he in his turn seems rather late in discovering the supposed need for "readjustment"—that blessed word!—and that the array of "difficulties" which he produces to illustrate Rome's intellectual intransigence were "common form" with her assailants half a century ago. And they say truly. What



Dr. Talbot calls "the break—the Great Divide—between the generations"—is simply the general abandonment outside the Church of belief in the inerrancy of the Scriptures and the consequent loss of faith based upon them; an abandonment which has resulted from the attacks of atheistic "science" and of the rationalistic "higher criticism." The Reformation attempt to found faith on a Book, interpreted by the individual, was bound to fail in the long run, and the failure began to be more apparent when, in the name of enlightenment, the Book, dumb and defenceless, was declared incompatible with the discoveries of modern thought.

What does the Bishop mean by Rome's refusal to "readjust" the old Christian tradition? It is the old Modernist cant, implying that revelation is not complete and that truth is not absolute. He considers, for instance, the theory of Evolution as certain as is the heliocentric conception of the solar system, and he berates the Church for not sharing his belief. Why should the Church take sides in a scientific dispute, the settlement of which can probably never be reached as the necessary proofs are lacking? Dr. Talbot does not declare what he means by Evolution, but if he thinks that life has been evolved from what was wholly inanimate and reason from what was wholly irrational, he himself is taking up an illogical position which only the materialist shares with him. But if we use the word in a reasonable sense, saving the creative act of God which brought the universe into existence and endowed it with all the forces necessary for its development, Evolution, as a possible, plausible and even probable *theory*, is freely accepted by many Catholics. Yes, says Dr. Talbot, but "Rome is still as committed to the historical accuracy of the Mosaic cosmogony and to an infallible Bible as any die-hard Protestant," and must, therefore, fly in the face both of history and science. The Bishop, comments the *Church Times*, "paints with a sweeping stroke and a lavish brush": he also paints, it would appear, with his eyes shut—at least when describing Rome's ways. He has yet to learn the extremely guarded character of the decrees of the Biblical Commission, the main object of which is to consider the evidence alleged to support such and such views and to decide on its validity. These decisions need study in the light of the questions submitted. The Commission has proclaimed that the story of Genesis is true history, but it has not said how that history is presented. Any Catholic commentary would tell him that many different theories are permitted, notwithstanding the care with which the Commission labours to safeguard the truth originally committed to the saints.

Dr. Talbot's real gravamen comes from his modernist outlook. He thinks that dogmas of faith can be modified or con-

tradicted by further discoveries in the natural order; that the rock-based edifice set up by our Lord, instead of growing in clearness of outline and majesty of form through the ages, is in constant need of demolition and reconstruction. He does not realize that it is the Church which guarantees the Bible, not the Bible the Church, and that it is the Church alone, as his own writings prove, that has preserved it from entire destruction. To "the unyielding and crass obscurantism," which he considers, with a very wide sweep of his lavish brush, to have made faith impossible to "younger folk in Continental universities," he owes it that God's Word is still treated with intelligent reverence by the greater part of the Christian world, and that, in particular, its witness to the Divinity of our Lord is not impaired. If the Church had followed the guidance of "historical" critics and "scientific" theorists during the past half-century, into what a ludicrous series of blind alleys would she have been led? Bishop Barnes implies that the last word as to Christian teaching must be left to experts, historical and scientific, "doctors" who notoriously disagree. It would seem that Dr. Talbot takes his stand with his brother of Birmingham.

But there is worse in the Bishop's paper than his newly-discovered higher criticism. He owns that, not only the Catholic Church, but our Lord Himself and St. Paul, seem to be left on the wrong side of the "Great Divide," and he explains that startling conclusion by saying that our Lord as man was, as the Rationalists have described Him, an ignorant Galilean peasant. There is, of course, no subject on which non-Catholic divines go more hopelessly astray than on the knowledge possessed by Christ, and that is because they have no true or consistent theology about the Incarnation. The mystery of the Hypostatic Union and of the Divine Kenosis is indeed impenetrable by human intellects, but faith-illumined reason can reach certain definite conclusions, one of which is that Christ as man was no less intellectually perfect than He was morally. His created mind could not, of course, exhaustively understand the Divine Essence, but from the first it was endowed with all possible wisdom and entirely exempt from error and ignorance. The Bishop, who in his anxiety to assert a perfect human nature in Christ and avoid the heresy of Docetism (of which in this case there is no question) falls himself into the heresy of the Agnoetæ. And when we consider that our Lord had no human ego, and that the Person whom the Bishop compares to a holy peasant was the omniscient God, we can hardly acquit him of blasphemy. Why Christ should be less a man through possessing a human nature in every way perfect the Bishop does not explain. "He did become truly man," he says truly; but He remained God, and His created soul possessed as much of the Divine knowledge as the highest of creatures could.

We repeat that Dr. Talbot in this apology for modernism shows not a glimmering of the Catholic tradition. The false positions he triumphantly storms exist only in his imagination. His faith, "rooted in experience and its verifications," is the "faith" of a rationalist. The "Great Divide" of which he speaks is in effect the chasm between grace and nature, between faith and infidelity, and he stands, if he only knew it, with his fellow-Modernists on the wrong side.

J.K.

#### THE EMMERICH PROBLEM YET AGAIN.

IN connection with the protest lately made in these pages, urging the need of a more critical attitude in dealing with the manifestations of reputed mystics and visionaries, it seems worth while to direct attention to two important contributions to the Emmerich problem for which we are indebted to the Right Rev. Mgr. Richen, Canon of Aachen, who, in our judgment, writes on these subjects with a sober discernment which is only equalled by his thorough knowledge of the details of the complicated matters in question. The more substantial of the two papers referred to is a brochure, belonging to the series "Biblische Studien," which deals with "the Presentment of Biblical Incidents in the Visions of Anne Catherine Emmerich."<sup>1</sup> In sharp opposition to the book of M. G. Dirheimer, which we criticized here at some length rather more than a year ago,<sup>2</sup> Mgr. Richen finds little but a series of contradictions, improbabilities and fantastic extravagances, in the revelations taken down by Brentano at the bedside of the nun of Dülmen. He does well in his first chapter to insist upon the preposterous statements made by her in all matters which touch on physical science. The duration of the twilight in Palestine, the quite surprising moonlight within one day of the time of the new moon, the build and speed of Palestinian boats, etc., all afford him material for shrewd and ironical comment. Further, Mgr. Richen, who seems to be intimately acquainted with the Holy Land, is able to urge the most serious topographical difficulties against Anne Catherine's descriptions and identifications. In other chapters he discusses points of agreement or disagreement with the Scripture narrative and her peculiar characteristics and forms of expression. As might be expected the author's conclusions are altogether unfavourable to the visionary in so far as she claims through her revelations to throw any sort of light upon the Gospels and

<sup>1</sup> "Die Wiedergabe biblischer Ereignisse in den Gesichten der Anna Katharina Emmerich," Herder, Freiburg, 1923.

<sup>2</sup> See THE MONTH for January, 1924, "The Authenticity of the Emmerich Visions."

to extend our knowledge of the circumstances of our Saviour's earthly life.

This essay of Mgr. Richen was published some months before the appearance of Father W. Hümpfner's book on Brentano and Anne Catherine.<sup>1</sup> As our readers may remember,<sup>2</sup> Father Hümpfner holds that "the so-called Emmerich visions are a scientific mystification—in plain English a literary hoax—perpetrated by Clemens Brentano." We were even told by the same ardent disciple to whom we refer that "any *conscientious* student of the Emmerich problem" must long ago have been convinced "that her so-called revelations were the premeditated forgeries of Brentano and of nobody else." This seems a little hard on Father Hümpfner's fellow-religious, Father Wegener, the former postulator of the cause of Anne Catherine, not to speak of the Redemptorist Provincial, Father Schmöger, of Alban Stolz, and a good many other distinguished persons, but what we are anxious to speak of now is the admirably temperate, well-informed and convincing review of Father Hümpfner's book which was published last year by Mgr. Richen in the *Linzer Quartalschrift*.<sup>3</sup> In one important matter Mgr. Richen agrees with Father Hümpfner: He considers that the published visions to which Anne Catherine's name is attached add nothing to our knowledge of the New Testament history, and he is prepared to admit, as everyone must admit who has read the studies of Cardauns and Stahl, that Brentano took great liberties with the visionary's utterances wherever the materials before him for one reason or another were defective. But Mgr. Richen at the same time strongly affirms that Hümpfner has produced no evidence which warrants the conclusion that Brentano altered the *substance* of what he took down from Anne Catherine's lips, much less that he deliberately invented a vast tissue of fable and pretended that it was hers. That Brentano himself consciously or unconsciously supplied a great deal of the material for her visions is likely enough. He read aloud to her and talked to her, and, as we personally believe, the sympathetic relation between them was such that she, especially in the trance state, drew largely from the content of his subconscious mind, but the things which he noted down day by day in the sheets of his laboriously compiled "Tagebuch" were the things which he had heard her say. As Mgr. Richen well asks, if she did not say these things, what *was* the story which she told? Is it conceivable that a man like Clemens Brentano could have remained in that out-of-the-way spot for the best part of five years pretending to act as an

<sup>1</sup> "Klemens Brentanos Glaubwürdigkeit in seinen Emmerich-Aufzeichnungen," Würzburg, 1923.

<sup>2</sup> See THE MONTH, March, 1924, p. 256.

<sup>3</sup> "Theologisch-praktischen Quartalschrift," 1922, Heft 2.

amanuensis and writing nothing but what he invented himself. Our critic does well to insist upon the fact, abundantly attested by Wesener and others long before "the Pilgrim" appeared upon the scene, that Anne Catherine was bubbling over with visions, as to which she declared that it was of the greatest importance that they should be taken down and revealed to all the world. "Already as a child," said Wesener, "she had the most beautiful allegorical dreams and true visions connected with the Life of Jesus," and he comments in another place on "her regret that we possessed no exact record of the early years of our Lord's life." "In this connection," Wesener goes on, "she said to me, that she knew it all as minutely (*haarklein*) as if she had seen it all herself. Moreover, she also had an exact knowledge of the history of the Mother of God . . . she promised that she would tell me the story of both one and the other." In May, 1813, she was reminded of the promise, and she began a narration which, so far as we can judge from the slight records Wesener has preserved, agreed closely with what Brentano took down five years later. She said, Wesener again reports, that "she wished she was able to write; she believed she could write a whole book about the visions she had already had." Even Dr. von Druffel, writing to Bährens in or before 1816, states, as we have previously pointed out, that while still at the convent, and consequently in 1811, Anne Catherine occasionally let fall a word about her visions.

One other point, though not specially urged by Mgr. Richen, seems to us of great significance in the problem as to the relations which existed between Anne Catherine and Brentano. In the letter from von Druffel to Bährens just referred to, the doctor mentions as one of the peculiarities of the case that the visionary when in ecstasy spoke out aloud the thoughts of other people near her if they were occupied in reading some pious matter silently to themselves. This was noticed in 1816, two years before Brentano came to Dülmen. Then in October, 1818, not long after his arrival, Wesener remarks: "A few days later Herr Brentano disclosed the unspoken conversation he was able to carry on; he communicated with her by thought alone and she regularly answered the questions he put mentally, if he clasped her hand." If this can be stated as a fact, it surely explains how a great many of the ideas which Hümpfner shows to have been characteristic of Brentano may have reappeared in Emmerich's so-called revelations, and we need not on that account suspect the Pilgrim of either garbling or interpolating. In the articles previously published we appealed in illustration of this telepathic faculty to the curious "gift of lucidity" possessed by Dr. Haddock's subject Emma.<sup>1</sup> We will only remark

<sup>1</sup> THE MONTH, December, 1921, pp. 528-530.

here that a considerable number of similar cases, including several other experiments with Emma herself, will be found reported in Professor William Gregory's "Letters on Animal Magnetism,"<sup>1</sup> London, 1851. Fuller investigation has only convinced us further of the great resemblance between the psychic gifts evinced by Anne Catherine and those possessed in the trance state by many of the people of both sexes with whom Haddock and Gregory experimented.

Finally we are glad to find that Mgr. Richen endorses independently a suggestion made here in March, 1924. Hümpfner's book, he says, is a *Zweckschrift*, a book with a purpose. Father Wegener, the Augustinian, following in the track of Father Schmöger, expressed the most enthusiastic appreciation of the importance and accuracy of the so-called revelations of Anne Catherine. But as time went on it became evident that these utterances of the visionary, which were not only fantastic, but theologically unsound, constituted a serious obstacle to progress in the cause of her beatification. Hence it became necessary to disavow them and to throw the whole responsibility for their extravagances on Brentano. In order to whitewash Anne Catherine, says Mgr. Richen, it was necessary to blacken Brentano, and Father Hümpfner's book is the result.

H.T.

<sup>1</sup> See especially pp. 341-528.

## II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

### A Blow to European Peace.

Notwithstanding the dialectical skill with which Mr. Chamberlain argued the case against the Geneva Protocol before the League of Nations Council on March the 14th, his speech was a set-back to the prospects of European peace. Had he only said—"This is a defective instrument because it tends to stereotype the injustices of the Versailles treaty, and exposes the British Commonwealth to an undue share of risk, but since it purports to interpret what is already a League obligation and contains the invaluable principle that aggressive war is a crime against humanity, let us try to amend it,"—he would have voiced the British view whilst showing that his country had not lost faith in the League. And he would have warned the nations to which the Great War has given independence that peace is incompatible with injustice, and that if they want security and protection they must be prepared to restore alien populations and territory to their rightful owners, or at least admit to full citizenship alien races within their borders. Much has still to be done in the



Balkans and the middle East before the principles for which the war was fought receive their full application, but there is no reason why it should not be done by peaceful negotiation. However, Mr. Chamberlain, in rejecting the Protocol, as Mr. Macdonald had rejected the Mutual Assistance Treaty, had nothing constructive to offer in its place except the suggestion of another partial Alliance. What has history taught us if not that Alliances, unless all-inclusive, may postpone but do not prevent war, nay, make it more terrible when it comes? Happily, the Protocol is not dead. France is still eager to have it adopted, and it is to be rediscussed before the Assembly in the autumn. The Assembly gives the peoples, as distinct from their Governments, a chance to make their feelings known, and the people, confronted with growing taxation in support of increasing fighting-establishments, may still insist on the outlawry of aggressive war. As yet, public opinion, apathetic, press-ridden, uninformed, is not effectively on the side of peace.

**Inconsistent Conduct of Great Britain in regard to the L. of N.** The League of Nations embodies the aspirations of the war-stricken world after security and peace: feeble aspirations so far because not consistently nor continually maintained.

Until the Premiership of M. Herriot, France can hardly be said to have been in earnest about the League. Great Britain was enthusiastic under the late Government but now has cooled off. It has no immediate need of the League: what it has it holds fairly securely: it does not see why it should exert itself to guarantee the possessions of others, especially as these possessions are not in many cases quite lawful. "Of the twenty-seven States of Europe" (says *The Times*, March 21st) "about half have received new or enlarged boundaries: and each one separately feels nervous about its ability to hold them. . . . But to ask the British Empire, which is under no impression of menace from any quarter, definitely and permanently to guarantee to each severally and jointly its security, is to propose a responsibility that this country is clearly unwilling to assume." Granting these facts, this is a natural attitude to assume, but one which rather recalls Canning's "Every nation for itself and God for us all." And it certainly ignores the obligations assumed by the signatories of the Covenant under Article 10 to defend one another's integrity and independence "as against external aggression." But, in the Government's rejection of the one constructive effort made by the League to render its principles and programme effective, several things are constantly overlooked. The first is that, under Article 19, the League itself forms a means of readjusting of treaties which are, or have become, inapplicable. There is no stereotyping of political conditions in the League,

no obstacle to the changes that healthy international life demands, no endeavour to settle, once for all, the mutual relations of different States. It was this aspect of it, we may remember, that prompted General Smuts, finally and with reluctance, to set his signature to the Peace Treaty dictated at Versailles. He sent a message to the Commonwealth immediately after (June 30, 1919), in which he said: "The real work of making Peace will only begin after this Treaty has been signed and a definite halt has been called to the destructive passions which have been desolating Europe for nearly five years. . . . There are territorial settlements which will need revision."

**A French Pact  
with Germany?**

The definite halt to destructive passions was not called for many a slow and desolate year. Unable to take long views, French statesmen persisted in a vain endeavour to hold Germany down by force and to seek security in her permanent weakness. Only now, wiser counsels are beginning to prevail, and it seems probable that France will take the common-sense road to safety by making a friendly pact with Germany. The Protocol, in Article 9, provides for an extension of the demilitarized zones between the two countries. Already, by Article 180 of the Versailles Treaty, no fortresses or field-works are permitted in German territory on the west bank or within fifty kilometres of the east bank of the Rhine. It would be a reasonable thing to give Germany similar security by demilitarizing a corresponding strip of the French frontier. Nothing in the material order helps more towards peace than the absence of the means to fight.

This suggests a second matter forgotten in connection with the Protocol,—the fact that it was intended to come into force, only if and when an effective reduction of armaments had been accomplished, and when accordingly the possibility of war had been rendered more remote. Armaments, it cannot be too often repeated, competitive armaments unchecked and unregulated, besides being a ruinous waste, breed war rather than security. The reduction of armaments, promised by the Versailles Treaty and illustrated by the disarmament of Germany, has been too long delayed; the delay has checked recovery in nearly every belligerent country, and, in England especially, the heavy "insurance" of £124,000,000 yearly, spent in defence, more than half as much again than before the war, grievously hampers social advance. Yet these millions are only the minimum required. The naval estimates of £60,500,000 odd do not reckon the cost of Singapore nor of the new construction already authorized. The expenditure on the Air Force still leaves us with only one squadron to France's three, and the military men, we may be sure, will not rest until there is at least equality.

**Failure of the Washington Treaty to prevent Naval Competition.** What is the reason for this enormous expenditure, made at such a sacrifice of the immediate interests of each nation with the dumb acquiescence of the multitudes whom it impoverishes? It does not, nor can, give security, for all the nations are indulging in it, and their relative strength remains about the same. In fact, the Washington Conference, which, it was fondly hoped, would put an end to naval competition, had only stimulated it. Immense building activity marks every naval programme, Great Britain's, we are glad to say, being the most moderate. Of cruisers completed during the years 1923, 1924, her ratio is one, to America's nine and Japan's four: of those building and authorized the ratio is 8, 9, 11. In fact, of 352 war-vessels actually building or projected on behalf of the seven Great Powers, the British Commonwealth owns only twenty. Moreover, naval designers are trying in various ways, whilst keeping to the letter of the Washington Conference, to elude its spirit. There is already talk of dividing the tonnage allowed for a battleship (35,000 tons), and constructing a new type of warship of 17,500 tons which will at once make the present cruiser-type, limited by the Conference to 10,000 tons, obsolete! The motive for all this waste is not so much provision for the future as desire of influence in the present. No relatively-weak nation could make her voice listened to in the councils of the world to-day. Unless useful as a friend or dangerous as a foe, because of her strength, her rights would be readily disregarded. Force, not justice, rules the world. No nation is thought much of which cannot on occasion brandish a thick stick. Even Roosevelt's America, which once prided herself on the smallness of her military forces, is beginning to be bitten by the European mania, and has her share of militarists clamouring for a mighty army and navy, worthy of her dignity and greatness!

**Public Opinion still, on the whole, wrong about War.** No one, except the prisoner of the Vatican, seems much concerned to teach the world a better way. Pacifists form into Leagues and Unions, business-men urge the waste of war, ex-soldiers combine to stigmatize violence, but there is little trace of their convictions in the secular press that reflects public opinion. There you will find the old narrow national outlook, which will never submit a doubtful claim to justice, nor recognize the rights of other nations, nor refrain from a gibe or a sneer at "foreigners." We saw nowhere in the secular press any recognition of the importance of the complete break with an evil past made by the Protocol, in compliance with which seventeen nations, with France at their head, renounced their right to make war without previous arbitration. There was no light or leading from the press, which chronicles so minutely

all the happenings that make for discord or inspire hatred. The Great War is passing into oblivion as the new generations arise, and its lesson is all unlearned. Mr. MacDonald in a recent speech warned the country that the time to outlaw war as a measure of policy was passing fast.

If they could not solve that shortly [he said] they would never have a chance. This question would not keep open for long. Most of them knew what the Great War meant, but their children did not know. If the generation scarred, shattered, wounded, broken, poverty-stricken by the war did not protect the next generation, the next generation could not protect itself. Indifference would arise. The danger would be remote. Coteries would come—military, armaments, imperialistic. They would own newspapers, spread ideas, would plot and plan, would talk propaganda, and in the end Europe would just fall back into the rut in which it ran from 1900 to 1914, and the end would be precisely the same, except that the disaster would be out of all proportion to the disaster of 1914.

And another Labour ex-Minister, Mr. Ammon, later emphasized his leader's last warning. Speaking on "Ideals in Politics," he said that

when he was at the head of the department connected with one of the greatest fighting forces in the last Government he learned that the last war would be a picnic compared with the next. The last war nearly brought civilization crashing to the ground, but the next war would succeed in doing so. He happened to know that in the United States and the laboratories of this country the scientists were at work inventing more high explosives and poison gases which would be poured out on the civilian masses in the next war. In Italy they were finding out how disease germs could be spread over vast areas.

There is no question, as far as one can judge, that the next war, should human folly ever bring it on, would surpass, not only in physical horror, but in moral baseness, that which Europe has with difficulty survived.

**The C.C.I.R.  
to the Rescue.**

We cannot regard the prospect with ease of conscience unless we are doing our part to avert such a catastrophe. Christianity is all for justice, especially towards the weak and helpless. Christianity recognizes rights and pays debts, not because claims are enforced by material might but because of the injunctions of the moral law. Consequently, Christians must deplore the reliance on force rather than on good-will which still

sways the councils of the nations. The right of self-defence by force, other means failing, all Christians must allow, but the refusal of right or the infliction of wrong, just because no one is strong enough to oppose you, is a denial of Christianity. We rejoice, therefore, that the Catholic Council for International Relations, our somewhat belated effort to throw the influence of Catholic public opinion on to the side of peace and justice, is holding a Conference in London towards the end of April. Our readers are familiar with the general aims of the Council,—the promotion of harmony between nations based on a conscientious regard for morality—and with its methods—the instruction of the public conscience in the principles of international justice and charity. We trust that this Conference may be repeated in many other dioceses in this country, and so strengthen the hand of our Holy Father the Pope in his endeavours to bring about the peace of Christ in the kingdom of Christ.

**A New  
Disarmament  
Conference?**

Meanwhile it is good news that, the Protocol being for the moment laid aside, the American President means to take up again the question of mutual, simultaneous and effective disarmament.

The plan does not touch the moral issue of the substitution of law for force, but it may be the more feasible on that account. Mr. Coolidge thinks that "it can hardly be doubted that the purpose and aspirations of mankind are definitely, intelligently and insistently enlisted in an effort to make war an impossibility in this world." We fear that he will find that several sections of mankind, through want of faith or hope or, finally, love, are enlisted on the other side, for the cessation of war and warlike preparations would destroy their *raison d'être* and their livelihood. But, if he does not put off his foreshadowed Conference too long, he may achieve a more real success than did Mr. Hughes. For Germany, which listened to America on the matter of reparations, will more readily pay heed to her suggestions as to security, and the smaller Powers, which now rely on France to preserve their war-won but sometimes inequitable acquisitions, may be induced to exchange those precarious benefits for the greater boon of security and peace. Russia, immense section of Europe though she is, is in a sense on its outskirts, but no peace is at all possible without German good-will. Germany was willing, it is believed, to fall in with the Protocol. Herr Luther, in so many words, has accepted M. Herriot's "three-word programme of arbitration, security and disarmament." When Germany has her new President and can give undivided attention to outside affairs, we trust that, rather than seek again the military power which proved her ruin, she will help the other nations rid themselves of an intolerable and unnecessary burden.

**The  
French Cardinals'  
denunciation of  
anti-Christian laws.**

The war against the Church in the interests of a chimera called the "lay-State" continues unabated in France. On March 12th the Cardinals and Hierarchy of France issued what might have been issued any time during the last half-century,—a vigorous and closely-reasoned condemnation of the "lay"-laws, which successive irreligious Governments have passed, ever since the persecution of the French Church began in the eighties of last century. These enactments, chiefly concerning education and worship, make open war, under the odious pretext of "neutrality," against religious instruction and the public recognition of man's duty to God. The wonder amongst Catholics outside France has always been that generations of French Catholics have tamely submitted to be deprived by their own Government of such fundamental and inalienable rights. In Germany, Bismarck, with all the might of the newly-formed Empire, could not so dragoon his Catholic citizens: in the end he went to Canossa. In England, nothing is more astonishing than the inability of successive doctrinaire Governments, omnipotent in Parliament, to wrest from the handful of Catholics one single school. Although there are injustices still to be removed, public opinion, neither here nor in America, will support a policy of religious oppression. No doubt the ineffectiveness of French Catholicism has been largely due to its melancholy historical legacy of political division and to the fact that it took several generations to realize that the Republic, in one form or another, would remain the permanent form of Government in France. Anyhow, we have to thank the war, wherein Catholic blood was shed in torrents in defence of that same Republic, for an entire change of mentality. French Catholics are determined no longer to be penalized in their own country for professing the Faith that has civilized France and made her name glorious throughout the world. The furore excited by the Cardinals' manifesto, "a simple lesson in the Catechism," as His Eminence of Paris described it, is a measure of the astonishment felt by those who, because of long impunity, have come to look upon themselves as the whole of France. It is time that these unbelievers and Freemasons should realize that there is no such thing as a lay-State in their sense, and that a Government which represents millions of believers should respect and protect the expressions of belief. In America, Church and State are officially separated, but what American Statesman thinks it his duty, in order to consult the feelings of a stray atheist, to penalize religious activities, to suppress religious schools, to deprive the Services of chaplains, to banish the name and recognition of God from all official acts and documents and institutions?



**The Prejudices of  
the English  
Secular Press.**

The policy of the French Government towards the Church manifested in the revival of Combe-ism, the scandalous breach of faith with Alsace and the attempt to sever official connection with the Vatican, is viewed with singular indifference by the English secular press—one more indication that the great News Agencies are in hands hostile to Catholicism. In aim and spirit the Government of M. Herriot, ruled by Freemasons and supported by Socialists, not to speak of M. Herriot himself, who loses no opportunity of glorifying the advanced Socialist, Jaurés, is much more "red" than anything we have seen, or are likely to see, in power in England, yet our journals "of law and order," who are so denunciatory of the English Labour Party, have nothing harsh to say about politicians who are trying to subvert the very foundations of social morality, as we understand it here. There is nothing worse in the English Socialist Sunday Schools, against which legislation is projected, than is taught in the Government "lay-schools" of France. M. Gustave Hervé, who is assuredly no "clerical," has described them as "the hotbed of discontent, sensuality, rebellion, revolution and Bolshevism," and accuses them of systematic corruption of the children. If belief in God, Creator and Judge, is the basis of morality this result is to be expected, for the "lay-school" banishes all reference to God or religion.<sup>1</sup> Yet when those concerned with the maintenance of religion and morality, expose and condemn these immoral institutions, which run counter to the rights of God, parent and child alike, *The Times*<sup>2</sup> calls their declaration "an unfortunate pronouncement," and *The Saturday Review*<sup>3</sup> utters this fatuous comment:

The ecclesiastical issue has been raised anew by a singularly tactless pronouncement of a reactionary nature signed by the French episcopal bench, but so upsetting to liberal-minded Catholics that Rome has had to disclaim it and the Archbishop of Paris virtually to recant it in person in his Cathedral.

It would be hard, we think, to cram more errors, both of fact and innuendo, into a single short sentence than this professedly Christian journal succeeds in doing here. The fight for faith and freedom in France is not over, but the Cardinals' exposition

<sup>1</sup> Lately a professor in a Paris lycée, having got leave from M. Jammes, the author, to include some extracts from "Le Bon Dieu chez les Enfants" in a volume of school-readings, was condemned to pay a fine of 2,000 francs because he had "edited" the extracts in accordance with the "neutrality" imposed by French law, leaving out mention of crucifixes and statues, supplanting "Saint Vincent de Paul" by "a good workman" and otherwise mutilating the text.

<sup>2</sup> March 19th.

<sup>3</sup> March 21st.

of the fact that an unjust law has no binding force in conscience, and should not be obeyed when human rights which cannot be waived, such as those of conscience, are touched, stands as a guide and inspiration to the Catholics of France.

**The danger of  
the Single-School  
System.**

It is worth while considering, in the light of what is happening in France, whether unity of administration in matters educational, which seems to many to be a desirable ideal, does not constitute a very real danger. We are far enough, thank God, even in our undenominational "provided" schools, from the organized atheism of the French system, but if once the State is allowed to apply public money only to one type of school, the door is open to a similar abuse. We have not forgotten the Liberal shibboleth—"No tests for Teachers"—Dr. Massie does not allow us to forget it, for he is as unforgetful and unenlightened as any Bourbon<sup>1</sup>—nor the "secular education" tenets of the Socialist. If we permit the dual system to be abolished because of its inconveniences, we shall put a dangerous weapon into the hands of those who detest denominational education.

**Peace in  
Industry.**

Never has the simple common sense which is said to be the Prime Minister's chief characteristic been better displayed than in the speech he made on the Political Levy Bill, and developed in several subsequent addresses of the same tenour. He took his stand on the fact that the interests of the whole country are of more importance than the interests of sections, and that therefore the different sections should combine for the interest of the whole, finding their recompense therein for any sacrifice entailed by co-operation. A simple truth, after all, the startled reception of which by press and politicians shows how far, under stress of "class-war," we have drifted from reality. It was developed in detail for the benefit of our particular audience in these pages some months ago,<sup>2</sup> it was not unfrequently ventilated by the late Premier, although to little purpose, for he had been labelled an idealist; but now that Mr. Baldwin, a practical man who smokes a pipe and takes interest in pigs, proclaims the same truism—that national well-being is above party and that national reconstruction needs the united help of all—it seems to have made some impression. The more responsible Labour leaders welcomed the "gesture," only those repudiating it who are convinced that the capitalist system cannot be mended. His own

<sup>1</sup> At the Liberal Party Convention (January 3rd) Dr. Massie, President of the National Educational Association, moved a clause declaring "the opposition of Liberals to any system of sectarian teaching or appointment, in schools supported by public rates and taxes." We might be back in 1906!

<sup>2</sup> See "A Chance to Cure Socialism," December, 1924.

party are naturally in accord, although the silly habit of equating Labour and Socialism has not yet been abandoned. The question ultimately at issue is how to share the profits of industry equitably between capital and labour. The worker thinks that capital gets more than its share: the existence of a large, wealthy and idle class, which spends the year in a round of amusement, and whose doings are flaunted in the press, helps to confirm his conviction. The capitalist, though he cannot often say, in view of his living conditions, that the worker is over-paid, still may urge that "ca' canny" is almost universal and prevents him from getting full value for the wage he pays. The position is complicated by the presence of soulless combines and trusts, of gambling speculators, of unreasonable Trade Unions. A combination of all parties and a large amount of good will alone can hope to solve this age-long quarrel. But the nation looks for more than words from the Premier. He owns that he owes his power to more than merely Conservative votes. He leads the nation. His Christian gesture must therefore be repeated and emphasized by action, or else, such is the effect of habit and tradition, it will soon be forgotten and party-strife in matters of social reform will begin again.

**Better  
distribution of  
Wealth?**

The ideal set forth by Leo XIII. in his famous encyclical on "The Condition of the Working Classes" is that small ownership should be greatly increased, so that what is known as the proletariat—the class that owns nothing but a capacity for work and is therefore destitute when work fails—should be as far as possible abolished. Recent scrutiny of certain official returns, begun by Mr. Runciman and extended by other observers, seems to show that this ideal is being gradually realized, even in the abnormal conditions of to-day. Mr. Runciman computes that, apart from other forms of investment, the P.O. Savings Bank, the Trustee Savings Bank and the National Savings Certificates, represented a total sum of £777,800,000, held by some 15 million separate small investors. Another computation of small investments in house-property adds another £491,800,000 to that total, making altogether £1,268,800,000, but it cannot, of course, determine what increase of investors this represents. The gross income of the whole country is commonly reckoned to be about £3,500,000,000, which, capitalized at 5 %, represents the nation's accumulated wealth as £17,500 million. Accordingly our 15 million odd small investors possess about 7 % of the national capital, a fact which can be considered satisfactory only if it indicates a growing improvement in the distribution of accumulated wealth. Some dispute this: for instance, Professor Henry Clay of Manchester considers (*The Times*, March 24th)

that "eighteenth-century England with its small farmers and master craftsmen must have shown a much wider distribution of capital than England to-day." In any case, the sad thing about the present situation is that even the desire of property seems to have died out amongst the proletariat owing perhaps to the negations of Socialism. That dismal and degrading motto on the banners of the unemployed—"Work or Maintenance"—ignores altogether the idea of ownership and comparative independence as a desirable state for man. The dole, which cannot fail to sap the human dignity of the recipient, is in many cases preferred to work, and is acquiesced in by the taxpayer as a sort of Danesgeld to ward off revolution. Yet the experience of the Allotment system during the war shows that the proletariat could easily be taught once more to love the land, if only it owned it.

"The Times"  
and the  
Ven. Henry Walpole.

In commenting upon the extraordinary historical blunder perpetrated by *The Times* on February 21st, whereby it defamed the character of the Venerable Henry Walpole, S.J., by describing him as "A Jesuit Poisoner," our object is not to correct the writer's history, for that has been adequately done by our Catholic press and by correspondents to *The Times* itself, but to animadvert upon the gross carelessness with which this charge was made, and the still graver exhibition of discourtesy whereby, instead of withdrawing it, on correction, with a suitable apology, the chief English newspaper actually twice repeated it. The facts about Henry Walpole are easily accessible in the D.N.B. and other sources, and the mere date of his martyrdom, 1595, might reasonably have been held to acquit him from a share in a fictitious crime invented two years later. The blunder, no doubt, was due to haste and inadvertence, coupled with a certain prejudice against Jesuits, but the repetition of the offensive charge, which was first printed on Saturday, February 21st, and corrected by many letters sent the same day, one of which appeared on Tuesday, February 24th, and another the next day—the reiteration, we say, of this outrageous calumny in *The Times Weekly Edition* (February 26th), which goes all over the world, and its *Educational Supplement*, meant for use in schools, which was issued on February 28th, and which further classified Father Walpole as one of several "Famous Criminals," can only be ascribed to an unworthy reluctance to admit error and make amends. The fact that *The Times* can count on enough anti-Catholic prejudice amongst its supporters to condone its conduct makes it not less reprehensible but only more ungenerous.

It does not seem to have profited by our exposure of similar behaviour on its part, made in our issue of July, 1910.

**The  
"False Decretals"  
Again.**

A phrase in the Bishop of Pretoria's plea for Modernism, already noticed in this issue, deserves separate attention as showing that, champion of true history as he boasts himself to be, he has himself fallen a victim to a venerable and often exploded libel. Speaking of the Catholic Church, the Bishop says: "Apart from this [her Biblical obscurantism] she has within her system, buried deep as a complex, the forgery of the False Decretals." Really, one wonders at the reappearance of this ancient charge, even from the armoury of such an out-moded controversialist as the Bishop proves to be. Apart from the wrong views of history which those documents caused before their falsity became known, there is no proof that they affected the development of the doctrine of Papal supremacy, which, we suppose, is what the Bishop's stricture means. Candid non-Catholics now admit as much, as the following quotation shows:

It is, however, a much disputed question to what extent the papal doctrine was influenced by this famous collection. In "*Etude sur les Fausses Decretals*," tome VIII., 1907, pp. 18 *et seq.*, M. Paul Fournier estimates their influence at practically nothing. His arguments appear to prove his case. It is certain that the papal theory had been formulated in its main outlines before Nicholas had cognizance of the False Decretals.<sup>1</sup>

Alike in history as in his estimate of Biblical criticism, Dr. Talbot is behind the times.

**Film-Censorship  
in  
Ireland.**

On all sides we hear evidence of the growing licence of the stage, both of the "legitimate drama" and of the cinema. All the more welcome, therefore, is the determined stand made by the film-censors in the Free State against the importation of salacious films, mostly of American manufacture. Professor Magennis, the spokesman of the censors, plainly told the agents, in reply to the threat of boycotting Ireland, that he would prefer to have no cinemas at all than permit such as were offered and refused. This astonished the film-representative, who naïvely asked whether Ireland had a higher moral standard than the rest of the English-speaking world. He put it this way—"What is good enough for 120 millions ought to be good enough for three," as if morality could be decided by the vote. As in divorce, so in this matter of public morals, the example set by the Free State should be noted and followed.

THE EDITOR.

<sup>1</sup> "*Cambridge Medieval History*," Vol. VIII., p. 453.

## III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

## CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

**Americanism and Catholicism** [B. L. Conway, C.S.P., in *Catholic World*, March, 1925, p. 721].

**Psycho-analysis and the Pastor** [Rev. Chas. Bruehl in *Homiletic Review*, March, 1925, p. 677].

## CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

**Freemasonry**, Anti-Masonic legislation in Italy [M. Vaussard in *Etudes*, March 20, 1925, p. 661].

**Freemason Attack on the French Church** [P. Castillon in *Revue Apologétique*, March 1, 15, 1925, pp. 642, 705].

**French Lasciviousness, The Fraud of** [*Tablet*, March 21, 1925, p. 365].

**Gibbon's Anti-Catholicism** [J. M. Gillis, C.S.P., in *Catholic World*, March, 1925, p. 772].

**Herriot's False Charges against Rome** [*Tablet*, March 21, 1925, p. 386].

**Wellton, Bishop, and hostility to Catholicism** [Fr. R. Knox in *Catholic Gazette*, March, 1925, p. 59].

## POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

**Alexander VI.**, An attempt to rehabilitate [H. Thurston, S.J., in *Month*, April, 1925, p. 289].

**Birth Prevention in France: Evil spreading** [*Universe*, March 20, 1925, p. 14].

**Catholics in France: Prospects of** [D. Gwynn in *Studies*, March, 1925, p. 19].

**C.C.I.R. Record of Activities** [Fr. Dudley in *Catholic Times*, March 21, 1925, p. 5].

**Church Extension; a Project** [E. J. Macdonald in *Universe*, March 20, 1925, p. 14].

**De Mun, Count Albert.** Inspiration of his Life [H. du Passage, S.J., in *Etudes*, Feb. 20, 1925, p. 414].

**Elizabeth and "Continuity"** [H. E. G. Rope in *Month*, April, 1925, p. 334].

**France, The Condition of** [A. Lugan in *Catholic World*, March, 1925, p. 786].

**French Church, Why so uninfluential** [N.P.S. in *Catholic Gazette*, March, 1925, p. 72].

**Gospels: Earliest Witness to Matthew and Mark** [J. Donovan, S.J., M.A., in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, March, 1925, p. 245].

**Judas, A Study of** [J. P. Arendzen, D.D., in *Catholic Gazette*, March, 1925, p. 60].

**Negroes in U.S.A., Catholic Work for** [Rev. S. L. Theobald in *Records of A. C. Historical Society*, Dec., 1924, p. 325].

**Pharisees, The** [Dr. Arendzen in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, March, 1925, p. 225].

**Zionism, The Mistake of** [Hans Herzl in *Universe*, March 20, 1925, p. 1].



# REVIEWS

## I—A NEW STUDY OF NEWMAN<sup>1</sup>

**T**HIS biographical and literary study by Mr. Bertram Newman is a book of real interest to Catholic readers. The author says in the preface to his work that he is not related to the Cardinal, notwithstanding the identity of surname. It is also clear from various passages in the book that the author is not a Catholic. He is, however, possessed of an invaluable gift in a biographer and critic, namely, a judicial as well as a judicious temperament. He writes upon various phases of the great Cardinal's life with great refinement and impartiality. There is hardly a passage throughout the work with which admirers of the venerable Oratorian would disagree. The larger portion of the book is devoted to the period 1845—1890, which embraces the various activities of the great thinker and writer from his reception into the Church until his death at Edgbaston on August 11, 1890. A lifelike portrait of the moving and dominating spirit of the Oxford Movement is presented to us in the third chapter of the work, and I doubt whether Dean Church himself would disapprove of anything which the accomplished writer has written upon this highly controversial subject. All are, I think, now agreed that the Movement was a far-reaching and genuine spiritual awakening fit to be compared with "that heralded by St. Francis in the thirteenth century or by Wesley in the eighteenth." This particular chapter ends with the following observations which will serve to bring out clearly the fairness and insight of the writer: "The Tractarians were academic clergymen, with a message primarily to their own order; it is useless to criticize them, as they have been criticized, for not being something else. The incontrovertible fact remains that, for many who came under Newman's spell, religion became invested with a new austerity and a new beauty. There were men who saw visions and dreamed dreams during those years which they never forgot so long as they lived." The pages on "The Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine" appear to be at once sound and shrewd, and I feel pretty confident that Mr. Wilfrid Ward would have approved of them. The author writes very pleasantly about "The Dream of Gerontius," although I think he makes a slip on p. 94 in suggesting that the death of Father Ambrose St. John is said to have occasioned

<sup>1</sup> *Cardinal Newman*. By Bertram Newman. London: G. Bell and Sons. Pp. ix., 223. Price 8s. 6d. net.

this beautiful poem. The work appeared in *THE MONTH* in the numbers of April and May, 1865, and it was republished in November of the same year, when it was dedicated to the memory of the Oratorian Father Joseph Gordon. The death of Father Ambrose St. John took place in May, 1875, just ten years after the poem was first published. The chapter which deals with "The Apologia" is altogether admirable, and it would be difficult to better this description of the book which appears on p. 157: "None the less, the Apologia holds its place as one of the great autobiographies in literature, and as a classic which most educated people may be expected to have read in, if not read through. It retains in a full measure the quality of charm, a quality which defies analysis in letters as in life. It is distinguished by an utter absence of any sort of pose, which is not very common in religious or other autobiographies; the simple and dignified manner in which a sensitive and reserved nature undertook the very uncongenial task of intimate self-revelation lends it a rare attractiveness."

I do not think it is an exaggeration to say that this book is of exceptional merit and interest. The writer is as modest as he is accomplished. He does not pretend that his study is complete in the same sense that Mr. Ward's great work is complete or that it is exclusively literary in the same sense that Dr. Barry's able monograph is literary, but he hopes that his volume will prove acceptable to the general reader. If any Catholic wishes to acquire without going into excessive detail a good working knowledge of the great Oratorian he now has the opportunity of doing so by reading this charming book.

J.J.P.

## 2—LECTURES ON ENGLISH LITERATURE<sup>1</sup>

ONE is not surprised to hear that Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch is the most popular of Cambridge lecturers. Literature, as he understands and teaches it, calls for no very strenuous effort; young men are naturally interested in the epic, the story and the song; have some elementary sense of beauty and style to appeal to and inform, and are quick to respond to sentiment and enthusiasm. And our lecturer appeals to generous sentiments and enthusiasms. We discern, however, a wistful sense of an elderly man's desire to show another generation that he, Victorian though he be in birth and upbringing, can still understand another age, sympathize with it, enlighten it even, and could he be allowed, guide it. But will it, can it be guided? "We've chucked

<sup>1</sup> *Charles Dickens and other Victorians*. By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, M.A. Cambridge Press. Pp. i.—ix., 240. Price 10s. 6d. net. 1925.

religion, tradition, property, pity," says the hero of a recent novel, and even when we allow for the pose and exaggeration of youth the words express a spirit of revolt which infects a generation not unjustly critical of and incensed against the fathers that begat them. Sir Arthur seems to have this always in view. All through his very interesting lectures he seems preoccupied with the desire to bring these young men back if possible to the traditions, the religion, the pity, in which he himself so sincerely believes. We doubt the issue. The young men and women of to-day look for something more solid as foundations for religion and social service than the vague, anti-dogmatic sentimentality which, as we judge it, is all Sir Arthur has to offer. The name of Christ is invoked to excite pity for the poor and the oppressed, but what does this appeal mean to men who deny His divine authority to teach and lead us? We dwell on this because Sir Arthur is a born preacher, and, indeed, he humorously acknowledges it, and a professor's preaching is the most important part of him. As for the literary teaching and criticism there is less to be said. Sir Arthur is an accomplished man of letters, widely read (he is almost as allusive as the admirable Professor Saintsbury), and he has it in him to communicate his zest for what is fine and fair. We fear that sometimes his bonhomie and sympathy with his youthful hearers detracts from professorial dignity. There is too much of the "man to man" and "heart to heart" in his manner, and there is even a suspicion of sob-stuff. And what would Mr. Verrall (Sir Arthur's predecessor), or Mr. Matthew Arnold say to this (he is speaking of Thackeray)—"a great melancholy man with his genius running in streaks, often in thin streaks about him, but always, when uttered, uttered in liquid lovely prose."

We may especially draw attention to the studies of Mrs. Gaskell, Trollope and Disraeli. We think Sir Arthur misses the note of irony in the passages quoted from Lothair as instances of Disraeli's Oriental exuberance.

### 3—A DICTIONARY OF SAINTS<sup>1</sup>

THE very considerable labour which Mgr. Holweck has bestowed upon the work before us has undoubtedly resulted in the production of a book of great practical utility. All who have been in any way concerned in hagiographical studies will be well aware of the difficulty of finding anywhere a *complete* list of those who either by popular acclaim in the early centuries, or by formal decrees of canonization, beatification or *approbatio cultus* in later times, have acquired a title to be designated as

<sup>1</sup> *A Biographical Dictionary of the Saints.* By Mgr. F. G. Holweck. Herder, St. Louis. 1924.

*sancti* or *beati*. In Mgr. Holweck's closely printed volume of over 1050 pages we have the nearest approach to that exhaustive list which it has so far been our lot to discover in any language. Moreover, it must be admitted that absolute completeness is an impossibility. The stupendously long catalogues of bare names, especially when we are dealing with the groups of martyrs, in the early martyrologia, defy all attempts at individual identification. Many of them are purely fabulous, or the result of confusion and duplication. Even in the officially approved Roman Martyrology there is a record of 67 saints named Felix, 58 Johns, 37 Victors and 28 Theodores, and with regard to the majority of these we hardly know more than the name and the place where they suffered. Again, if we extend our researches to oriental and Celtic saints, the catalogue, on paper at least, must be almost incredibly enlarged. For example, there are 21 saints named Colman in the early Irish Martyrology of Engus, and if we look into that of Gorman we should have to increase this list considerably. Mgr. Holweck has wisely not attempted the impossible, and has practically confined his programme to those holy persons of whom some details, even though quite legendary, can be furnished and for whom some feast-day can be assigned. Perhaps one of the most useful features in his treatment is the indication of such data as are available regarding local cultus, including the grade of the feast observed and the various days on which it is kept in different dioceses and religious Orders. A biographical summary, varying in length naturally according to the importance of the saint and the information available, is also supplied. Taking it all in all the historical student will find here a work of reference in which all reasonable requirements are met, and which, in any case, marks an enormous advance upon any previous dictionary of the same kind.

We hope we shall be pardoned if we at the same time call attention to a few drawbacks. The bibliographical references, as it seems to us, might easily have been made more critical and more up-to-date. No one who has any practical acquaintance with the work known as "*Les Petits Bollandistes*" (which, by the way, has no connection whatever, except the somewhat audacious assumption of the name, with the authentic Bollandists of Brussels) could possibly regard it as a source of information which is in any way trustworthy. Even the work of Dom Piolin, of which Mgr. Holweck apparently takes no account, is preferable from the point of view of accuracy. Again, while we fully appreciate the difficulties which must occur in revising the proofs of a book so full of abbreviations and unusual names, we must own that we have come across a good many errors, mostly no doubt typographical. Moreover, we find that Mgr.

Holweck's selection of abbreviations is very arbitrary and by no means naturally suggestive of the books thereby indicated. These flaws, however, are of a very minor order, and we can feel nothing but gratitude to Mgr. Holweck for a work which is bound to take its place in every reference library where the needs of historical investigation find adequate recognition.

#### 4—PASTOR'S HISTORY OF THE POPES<sup>1</sup>

ALTHOUGH this instalment of the English translation of Dr. von Pastor's great work is not perhaps the most interesting section of the whole, it nevertheless exhibits the same qualities of patient industry, clear and orderly narrative, candour and sober judgment which are conspicuous in its predecessors. There is nothing very attractive in the personality either of Julius III., or of Paul IV., while the pontificate of Marcellus II. was so brief that one hardly obtains any impression of him as a ruler. On the other hand, the historian has skilfully found a certain compensation for the dullness of his materials in the account given of many matters which are in themselves extraneous to the papacy, but which bring his main theme into touch with new conditions of deeper moment than the petty intrigues of Italian politics. Very attractive, for example, is the last chapter of Vol. XIII., in which we are presented with a bird's-eye view of "Rome at the end of the renaissance period," in the course of which one learns with some surprise that under Paul IV. the population of Rome seems to have been under 50,000, though it increased shortly afterwards to 70,000. Venice, we are told, with 162,000 souls, London with 185,000 and Paris with 300,000 were much more populous than Rome. Again the spiritual conquests effected by St. Francis Xavier and other missionaries in the far East also form an agreeable and stimulating diversion from the rather sordid troubles which the *laissez faire* of Julius and the wrong-headedness of Paul seemed equally to foment in the heart of the eternal city. Another very interesting topic is the development of the Roman Inquisition under the Carafa pope, a chapter in which Dr. von Pastor with his accustomed frankness does not hesitate to stigmatize the severity of the procedure then followed. There have been not a few foolish and ignorant Catholic apologists who have sought to maintain that the Roman Inquisition, in contrast to the Spanish tribunals, never proceeded to extremities, and that none of the accused ever suffered death. That this may truthfully be said of many pontificates is probable enough, but it certainly cannot

<sup>1</sup> *The History of the Popes*, from the German of Ludwig, Freiherr von Pastor. Edited by Ralph Francis Kerr. Vols. XIII. and XIV. (pp. xl., 476 and xxiv., 510). London, Kegan Paul. Price 15s. each vol. 1924.

be said of the time of Paul IV. In 1556, for example, twelve, or more probably twenty-four, Christianized Jews were charged with relapsing into Judaistic practices at Ancona and were burned at the stake. Our information, however, is very imperfect owing to the destruction of the greater part of the records of the Holy Office in the riots which took place after the death of the Pope. "Not even the number of cases tried," says Pastor, "or the number of the executions which took place, partly in the Piazza Navona and partly in the Campo di Fiore and the Piazza Giudea, can be stated with any degree of accuracy." Further, we know of witches who by order of Pope Paul IV. were burned at Bologna.

As the period covered by these volumes includes the whole of the reign of Mary Tudor, English affairs play rather more than their normal share in the pages before us, and both Cardinal Pole as well as his friend Cardinal Morone are prominent figures in the picture. The translation, we are glad to say, seems to maintain the same high level of excellence which we have noted in previous volumes.

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## SHORT NOTICES.

### THEOLOGICAL.

**I**N our review of a previously published volume of Father Bernard Otten's Theological Course (Dec., 1922, p. 561) we expressed plainly enough our opinion about the multiplication of theological summaries, and we need say no more here. It was to be expected that Father Otten should continue the course he had begun if only for the benefit of his own students, and we can allow to his second volume, *De Deo Creante et Elevante: de Novissimis* (Loyola Press, Chicago: \$3.75), all the merits of clearness and order that we found in Vol. III. But limits of space have often caused a somewhat superficial treatment. Take, for instance, the ten pages (426-436) on the Resurrection of the Body, wherein we find no mention whatever of the teaching ascribed to St. Paul that the just who are alive at the Last Day are not to die at all. Again, the author regards it (as we ourselves do) as "morally certain" that Adam's body was directly created and not evolved from lower living forms. But in his explanation of Genesis ii. 7 he leaves out the critical word, that which is translated "dust," which, so far as the Hebrew goes, need only mean the matter out of which Adam is formed. And he does not take account of much that has been said without censure by Catholic writers in support of the theory that Adam's body was evolved. The living voice would, of course, supplement these and similar defects, but our criticism has in view the needs of the solitary student: for him no treatment can be too exhaustive.

### BIBLICAL.

Another book from Mr. Wiener's hand is always a pleasure; not that we are prepared by any means to agree with all that he says, but because



there is often something thoughtful, fresh, suggestive in what he writes, and because he has not sworn allegiance beforehand to the "higher critics." Indeed, he is not afraid to give them a shrewd knock upon occasion, justified by their illogical assumptions and his own legal sense of what is respectable evidence and what is not. In the present little work—**Early Hebrew History, and other Studies** (Scott: 5s. net)—he publishes three essays, two of which, "Some Factors in Early Hebrew History" and "The Law of Change in the Bible," have already appeared as articles in *Bibliotheca Sacra*, whilst the third, "The Biblical Doctrines of Joint, Hereditary and Individual Responsibility," is new. In the first he makes several interesting points, chief among them the centrifugal or decentralizing forces which worked so strongly throughout Old Testament history; but he hardly makes clear enough how strongly the divine guidance aimed at unity. We see both factors working even more powerfully in the history of the Church. "The Law of Change" is interesting and important mainly as showing how Moses made new laws and adapted old ones in order to meet needs as they arose. The essay on the Biblical doctrine of responsibility contains some good suggestions, but is obviously inadequate; however, the author shows himself too well aware of the fact for us to find serious fault with him. The title of the book is rather misleading, and the essays should be broken up further in some way to help both him who would read and him who has read the book.

#### MORAL

All teachers of the faith are teachers of morality likewise: the faith they teach is faith working through charity, faith expressed in conduct. Thus we can construct a moral system at least in outline and principle from the Epistles of St. Paul, and with growing fullness from the more copious writings of the Christian Fathers and Theologians. Such is the idea embodied in the series, **Les Moralistes Chrétiens**, published under the direction of Professor M. Baudin of Strasbourg, of which several volumes have reached us. The series proves, amongst other things, the continuity and harmony of the Christian moral tradition, which now appears elaborated into such a vast and coherent structure. The plan of the series is to illustrate from the writings of each Doctor the various categories of moral, with just enough commentary to put the extracts in their proper light. And choice has been made both of those writers who as theologians treated of moral, formally and scientifically, and of those who, as preachers or directors, did so more or less incidentally; so that principles as well as applications are dealt with. **Saint Basile, Evêque de Césarée** (Gabalda: 10.00 fr.) comes from the capable hands of Abbé Jean Rivière. **Saint Jean Chrysostome** (10 fr.) has been entrusted to Professor Ph. E. Legrand of Lyons. **Saint Thomas d'Aquin** (12.00 fr.) is expounded by M. Etienne Gilson, with whose other work on the Angelic Doctor our readers are familiar. Finally, a noted student of Pascal, M. Jacques Chevalin of Grenoble, attempts, on the basis of the immortal *Pensées*, to construct the great apologetic treatise which Pascal had planned and sketched. Naturally much in this essay (**Pascal: pensées sur la vérité de la religion chrétienne**, 2 vols., 20.00 fr.) is tentative and merely suggestive, but it is a very interesting and illuminating study.

The object of Father J. Salsmans, S.J., in his **Droit et Morale, Deontologie Juridique** (Beyaert: 12.75 fr.) is to offer a manual of Moral Theology to members of the legal profession. Full and continual reference is made, of course, to the Belgian Code. The subject is treated under the titles of: Moral Responsibility, Law and Duty, Justice, Property-law, Contracts, Gifts, Succession, Wills and Professional Duties. The book will be found most valuable, not only to members of the legal profession but to law students and those engaged in business, and specially valuable are the chapters on Justice and Divorce. There are many points of contact between English Law and the Belgian Code, and therefore the work of Father Salsmans is to be strongly recommended to English priests and confessors. They will find much in it that applies to conditions in England, and it may well serve as a model for similar treatment in English, if someone equally well versed in Law and Moral Theology would undertake the task.

## DEVOTIONAL

M. J.-C. Broussole, who has translated the late Cardinal Marini's devotional and artistic commentary on the *Stabat Mater*, has developed the æsthetic side of the treatise by the addition with explanatory notes of some fifty representations of the Crucifixion and related mysteries. The whole is a very complete discussion of **L'Esthétique du Stabat** (Téqui: 10.50 fr.) and cannot fail to increase the appreciation of that marvellous poem, the *chef d'œuvre*, one supposes, of Blessed Jacopone di Todi.

In what Father M. V. McDonough calls **Three-Minute Homilies** (Benziger Bros.: \$2.00) he proves that striking and appropriate lessons can be set forth in a brief form of words. His discourses, which cover all the Sundays and Holydays of the year, as well as the greater feasts, are meant primarily for "the busy priest," but leisured lay-folk may also peruse them with pleasure and spiritual profit.

A Bishop more than any other preacher has to reserve his discourses for special occasions, of which, nevertheless, in a well-worked diocese there is sure to be a superabundance. This at least has been the experience of Mgr. Tissier, Bishop of Chalons, who proposes to publish four volumes of sermons containing "*La doctrine de nos fêtes*," the first to appear being devoted to **Les fêtes de circonstance** (Téqui: 7.50 fr.). A great deal of Catholic teaching is connected with these occasional feasts—funerals, anniversaries, ordinations, jubilees, and so forth—and the Bishop employs them with skill and eloquence.

The Blessed Eucharist is the centre and support of the religious life, yet we are so constituted that even so tremendous a mystery and so immense a privilege may cease through familiarity to appeal to us as they should. Therefore, the aim of those who lead the consecrated life is largely devoted to counteracting the deadening effect of routine. A prayer-book called **Communion Devotions for Religious** (Benziger Bros.: \$2.75) has been compiled expressly to meet this need by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Cleveland, Ohio, for it contains over a hundred different forms of Preparation and Thanksgiving varying with different seasons and feasts. It seems destined to receive universal welcome.

The **Thoughts from St. Francis of Assisi** (B.O. and W.: 2s. 6d. cloth), compiled by Miss F. L. Freeman, T.O.S.F., afford a stimulating spiritual idea for each day of the year, taken not merely from his own precious but scanty writings but from literature concerning him.

The little devotional series of studies of our Lord's character, called by their author, Father Le Buffe, S.J., **My Changeless Friend** (Herder: 1s. 6d. each), has now reached its ninth number. These simple yet profound meditations are well calculated to foster solid piety towards our Eucharistic God.

The Seven Words form the subject of as many thoughtful essays by the Rev. M. A. Chapman, called, **The Mass of the Cross** (Blackwell, 3s. 6d.), and meant to bring out the identity of the Sacrifice of Calvary with that of the Altar whilst developing love of the liturgy which is symbolical of such high mysteries. Father Bede Jarrett, O.P., provides a useful introduction.

The same great subject, the last words of Christ, is treated with much originality and edification by Kenneth Ingram, whose work in fiction we have had occasion to commend, in a little volume called, **The Mystery of the Three Hours** (S. of SS. Peter and Paul: Price, 3s. 6d.).

**A Pilgrim's Guide to Rome** (Talbot Press: Dublin: 2s. 6d. n.), by Myles O'Reilly, has an obvious reference to the times. It furnishes useful information about the four Jubilee Basilicas and twenty other Churches of interest to English-speaking Catholics, together with the chief religious "sights" of the Eternal City, the national Colleges, etc., and more homely information about tram-fares, routes, etc.

A beautiful little book, in ornamental illustrated script, called, **Little Children's Thoughts and Prayers for Holy Communion** (Sands: 2s. 6d. n.), and containing as well full-page colour drawings, has been produced by some ladies who conceal their identity under the well-loved title of Sisters of Notre Dame.

By preserving as much as possible the words of the Scripture and keeping to their spirit, Miss Agnes Turk in her sacred drama, **The Quest of the Star** (International C.T.S.), has skilfully avoided the danger of transferring incongruous modern notions to ancient times. The play has three Acts and is concerned with all the incidents from the Annunciation to the Flight into Egypt, a narrative account of which by another hand forms an epilogue. It should attract the attention of Superiors of Convent Schools.

#### CANON LAW.

Catholic books on the philosophical principles underlying the criminal law are rare. Hence such a work as **Juris Criminalis Philosophiæ Summa Lineamenta**, written "ad usum scholarum facultatis juridicæ Pontificii Seminarii" by the very competent hand of Dr. Joseph Latini is very welcome (Marietti: 10.50 lire). In a work of 209 pages he concisely deals with the nature of civic punishment for wrong-doing, the basis of the right to inflict it, its origin and historic evolution. Then follows a discussion of the nature of criminal law, of crime and its extenuating circumstances, of penal law and its various kinds. The author is well read in modern authors, but naturally and rightly bases himself on St. Thomas and Catholic authors for his solutions. A most interesting work.

The Church's law on marriage is well explained in **De Matrimonio et Causis Matrimonialibus**, by Father Nicolaus Farrugia, O.S.A. (Marietti). In a small octavo volume of 535 pages, furnished with an index, he goes steadily through the legislation of the Code, explaining it clearly at no great length but quite sufficiently. To make his work complete he has also

dealt with the moral side of the subject on the familiar lines. Most writers on the Code, we fancy, will not agree with his too simple explanation of Canon 1081, §2 (p. 37). This deals with the knowledge of what the marriage contract means and has very practical bearings. When he says (p. 369) that a *parochus putativus* may validly assist at a marriage because of the rule about *error communis* given in Canon 209, it would have been simpler to say that the common opinion supports the validity of the act on the ground that assistance at a marriage is not an act of jurisdiction, and so Canon 209 does not apply.

#### HISTORICAL.

In spite of its exciting title, **The Trail of the Iroquois**, by Miss B.M. Sanford (Sands: 3s. 6d., illustrated), is not a boy's book, but a restrained and dignified tale of the internecine war which raged between Hurons and Iroquois in the disastrous days of the Jesuit missions in Huronia. Miss Sanford has woven round such heroic figures as Father Daniel and Father Brebœuf, both of whom are, we hope, to be beatified this year, an interesting story of heroism, patriotism and the basest treachery. In topographical detail and local archaeology she is singularly well informed, as she is conversant with the "Jesuit Relations" of New France, a veritable library of ethnological research. It is pleasing to find one who can describe the regime at a place like St. Ignace with all the vigour of Parkman and yet with none of his bantering satire.

In the foreword to a series of chatty sketches called **Curious Chapters in American History** (B. Herder: 6s.), the author, Humphrey J. Desmond, LL.D., informs us that, despite its youth, the New World has a fair stock of mooted questions of the kind upon which hinged strifes of sects and parties in the Old. The book will make a larger appeal to the ordinary reader than it will to the professional historian. Twenty-six questions from American history have been chosen for discussion. Practically all of them are purely domestic, with little or no bearing on the history of other nations, and, as such, have no compelling interest for readers other than American. A few chapters, however, such as that on "The Quebec Act," "The American Revolution," and the Canadian Border question, present the American point of view in matters involving relations with England. The style is easy and the matter well presented.

Within the compass of a small manual, such as will easily fit into the pocket, the whole field of Biblical criticism is covered by Professor Edouard Montet in **Histoire de la Bible** (Payot: price 10 fr.), and the latest conclusions of the rationalists in this field recorded. The scope and size of the book relieves the author of any duty of serious proof, and ourselves of any duty of serious refutation. Leviticus, we are told, alludes explicitly to the exile (p. 25); Malachy was probably not written before the third century B.C. (p. 88); neither Colossians (p. 197) nor Ephesians (p. 198) are by St. Paul; and so on. Is not a little faith necessary in these studies nowadays, even to preserve one's common sense?

#### BIOGRAPHICAL.

Mr. Henry Coates writes with a humility that is disarming. In **The Letters of Paul the Apostle** (Robert Scott: 3s. 6d. net) he has almost

left alone the things which he would doubtless admit himself matter most in St. Paul, chiefly matters of faith, and has said but little even upon the devotional aspect; about philology he is silent. But he has brought together in this little book much that will make the reading of the Apostle's letters more interesting, linking up the epistles together in various points of composition, indicating the sources of the figurative language (games, etc.), and so forth. The first chapter is a sketch of St. Paul's life-story. We do not always agree with the writer; we think, for example, that the Apostle was of too fiery a disposition to have been very like our Lord in outward behaviour, we mean in matters indifferent (chap. ii.). But to the book as a whole we cannot but wish well. From the author's list of "great missionaries" on p. 82 we gather that he is not a Catholic; it makes his list the poorer.

## FICTION.

Much of **Blind Raftery and his Wife Hilaria** (Sampson Low: 5s. net), by Donn Byrne, is sheer beauty, beauty of description and of characterization, aptness of phrase and delicacy of thought, with many a touch of pure comedy, such as the interview between Dean Swift and Queen Anne. The theme is the adventures of an Irish poet and harpist, and his Spanish-born wife, in the West of Ireland during the early eighteenth century, but itself is of the slightest. The lyrics which the poet frequently improvises are clever as well as musical, and the whole book is full of eager nature-worship. That, indeed, is its fault, for Mr. Byrne, like too many Irish writers of the day, affects a kind of paganism, poles removed from the Franciscan spirituality of the Irish nature. His only references to religion are brutal and contemptuous and go far to spoil a fine book.

## POETRY.

In **Windows of Night**, by Charles Williams (Oxford University Press: 5s.) there is much true and powerful poetry, as those who have read other collections by the same writer will have been led to expect. A superficial reading of certain items, or a perusal of the contents page, might lead to the notion that Catholicism is represented by the religious poems included. "Windows of Night," however, are, at the best, "Windows of Twilight," so far as their theological outlook is concerned. The pessimism which pervades the trenchant and epigrammatic stanzas is no doubt the output of "realism," but, if one remembers the title, one will make allowances for lack of reality and make the most of Mr. Williams's inspiration where it is untrammelled.

In **Houses and Dreams** (Blackwell, Oxford: 5s.), on the other hand, Mrs. A. F. Trotter gives us Catholicism without a syllable of "technical" religion. Her windows give on to the rosy dawn, or on sunshine in which we can perhaps see the better the dust flying about, its view of life is so sane, so well ramparted by a sense of humour in which there lurks no bitterness. Mrs. Trotter's work has graced the pages of *Punch*, as well as more ponderous magazines. Her poetry has no airs and graces, but an exquisite natural daintiness which in no way takes from its depth. A Catholic poet such as the author of "Houses and Dreams" is an asset to the Cause she represents as well as to Literature, into which she

brings the true message of the Faith by an atmospheric process, as subtle as the atmospheres of the houses, so captivately described in her verses—the verses of a keen-eyed and balanced optimist. The echo of the war in many of the poems is not to be regretted in that it gives divinity to the optimism which rides on the crest of sorrow.

**Hymns from the Liturgy**, translated by Father John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne: 3s. 6d.), will be warmly welcomed, as any new and faithful rendering of our Latin liturgical hymns is bound to be. The volume contains, in addition to the usual list, versions of five hymns not to be found in the Mass or Office. A new rendering is unfailingly a freshening of the impression that has worn smooth by usage, and the treasures of the well-known deposits are thus revealed anew. This is, of course, assuming that the translation is scholarly and poetical. The name of the present translator in this case vouches for both of these requirements.

Father Michael Earls, S.J., is one of America's prolific writers of pleasing and fluent verse, as well as of prose. He has followed his well-known collection, "The Road beyond the Town," and another, later one, by a particularly well-produced volume, **From Bersabee to Dan and other Ballads** (Holy Cross Press, Worcester, Mass.). The singing note—the note of spiritual youth, is it?—seems natural to the denizens of the new world. It occurs again in **Sacred Poems**, a profuse offering of holy and helpful thought, expressed in rhyme and metre, of Sister Mary Paulina Finn (M. S. Pina), of Georgetown Visitation Convent (\$2.50). There are no less than 320 pages of simple and unaffected verse, conveying a more or less striking thought for meditation for all times and seasons. One may easily be hypercritical about the nature of poetry as an art, and forget that rhyme and rhythm and a metrical form may supply a legitimate and helpful vehicle for a purpose of this kind. There can be a type of unassuming versification which is in no sense inferior poetry, just as there is bad poetry which should not be tolerated in print under any name. This department of an art natural to the spirit of man seems, as we see from the present volume, to have found its development in America. The danger is that it is obviously open to bad imitation.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Although our Lord did not elaborate in His teaching any detailed scheme for social well-being, He enunciated and emphasized all the principles by the application of which social perfection can be reached. "There is no other name under Heaven" whereby man, collectively or individually, can be saved. Hence the utility of studies like that of M. l'Abbé Lugan, who, in his six volumes of *L'Enseignement social de Jésus*, shows how our Lord's teaching meets and anticipates all the problems of the day. The work originally appeared in 1898, but is now being thoroughly recast and revised. Four volumes of the new (fourth) edition have already seen the light, Vols. I. and II. dealing with **Les Grandes Directives Sociales** ("Editions Spes": 6.00 fr. each), Vol. III., with **La Grande Loi Sociale de l'Amour des Hommes** (*ibid.* 5.00 fr.), Vol. IV., with **La Loi Sociale du Travail** (*ibid.* 3.00 fr.). Our only complaint is that so valuable a work is presented on such poor paper.

The Catholic Association have done all pilgrims to Lourdes a real service in republishing **A Manual for Lourdes Pilgrims**, by Father Cobb,



which, if we mistake not, first appeared some dozen years ago. No one more fitted by experience and enthusiastic love of Our Lady's shrine could be found than this veteran pilgrim, and the Guide will be found to have within it everything that a visitor to Lourdes, whether going alone or with a pilgrimage, could need. It contains, in addition to the brief history and description of the churches and various monuments, the usual prayers said in the public devotions of a pilgrimage, the hymns that are most commonly sung, and the music of the Mass that is sung in unison by the pilgrims in the Rosary Church. There are some excellent reproductions of photographs taken during the Salford Pilgrimage, 1924. Information with regard to places of interest in the neighbourhood of Lourdes, which may be visited on the "free day," which is arranged for by most directors of pilgrimages, is also included in the Guide. The price is two shillings and copies of the book can be obtained from the Catholic Association. A free copy is given by the Association to all pilgrims who make their pilgrimage under the management of the Association.

## MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

Amongst new publications of the C.T.S. are **The Holy Year of Jubilee**, by the Rev. T. A. Adkins, reprinted from the *Universe*—a wonderfully compact and useful account of what all pilgrims should know and do; **Indulgences for Sale! Enquire Within**, by Father Thurston, an historical and critical account of a much-misunderstood subject, which may enlighten not only non-Catholics but some also of the Household; **The Power House**, an account by Father C. C. Martindale, of the "Association for Perpetual Adoration and Work for Poor Churches and Foreign Missions." Several reprints of comparatively recent pamphlets testify to a steady and appreciative sale. **Authority and Freedom**, by Father James Brodrick, S.J.; **The Divine Lover**, by P. Charles, S.J.; **His Passion**, by Mother St. Paul; **The Mass for Good Friday** and **The Real Presence**, by Father Mangan, S.J.

A new, thoroughly revised and much-improved edition of Professor Windle's great work, **The Church and Science** (C.T.S.: 7s. 6d.), will be reviewed in our next issue.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

## BEAUCHESNE, Paris.

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